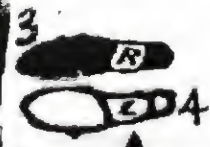
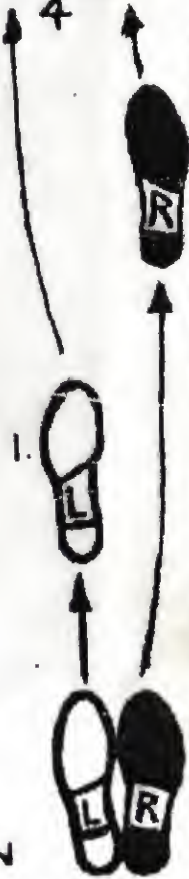
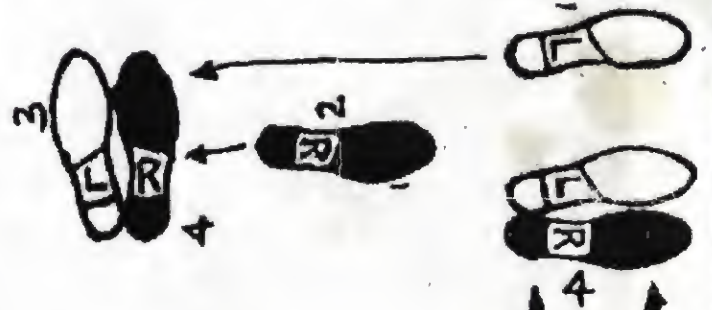


«Capitalism is the astounding belief that the wickedest of men will do the wickedest of things for the greatest good of everyone.»
 -John Maynard Keynes



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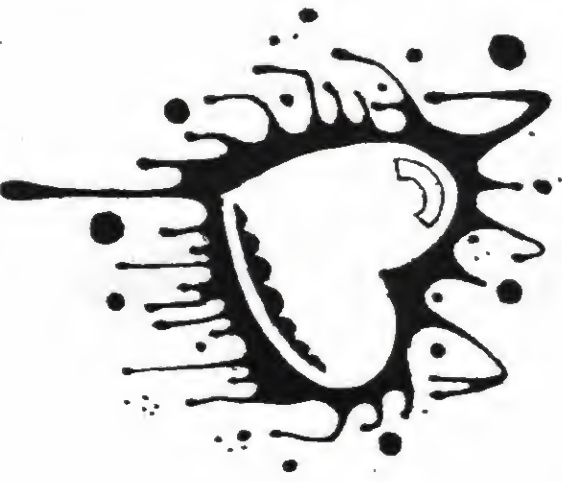


There is No Handbook for Revolutionaries
 * issue #1



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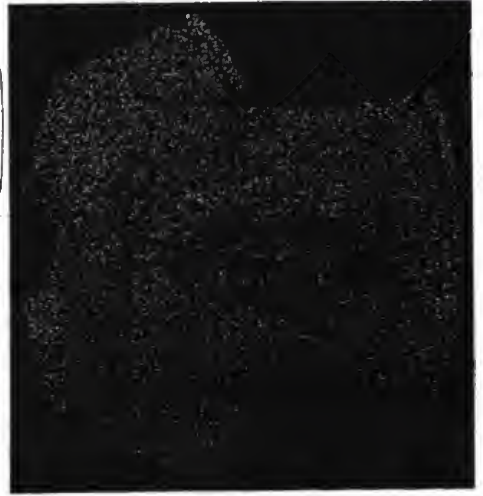
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arrested or shot.

-S.R.

P.S. Trotsky is DEAD.



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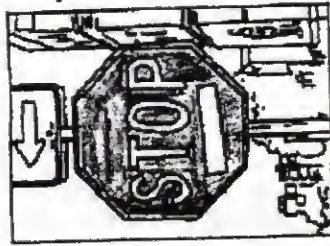


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<< He who makes a beast of
himself gets rid of the
pain of being a man. >>

-DR.

20/6/01 Johnson

Richard Cory

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich — yes, richer than a king —
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935)

"Whoever told
you that it
was all good
lied, so throw
your fist up
if you're
Not satisfied"

-J-Live

5... 4... 3... 2... 1...

(3)

(8)(Protest song '68)

"To sing you must first open your mouth. You must have a pair of lungs and a little knowledge of music. It is not necessary to have an accordion, or a guitar. The essential thing is that I want to sing. Then this is a song, I'm singing." -H. Miller

I breathe in and I create - rewoke the spirit '68. Fresh meaning to torn ideas - let's bring life to old clichés. Punch a hole in tradition - yeah, let's listen to the songs of discontent - the chords and the movement.

It could all be so simple. We would all stand baffled by the precision and accuracy. Our words would hurt from dropping so hard, fast and unexpected. It would be the perfect metaphor. It would be the perfect song we'd be singing.



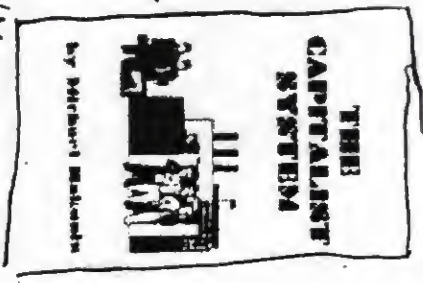
I breathe out and I scream - rewoke Malatestas dream. Inspiration from the past - focus to the future at last. Fixed dogmas can't substitute - creative thought and action. We could be dangerous - art as a real threat. And all it is is words. Words said a million times before. And all it is is a song. A song sung a million times before.

I breathe in and I create - rewoke the spirit '68. I breathe out and I scream - rewoke Malatestas dream.

(4) "Ah, in such an ugly time, the soul is not content to be a slave."

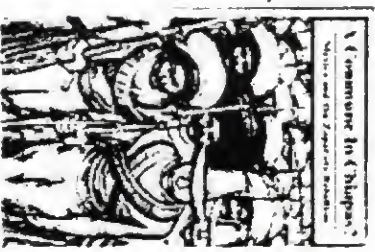
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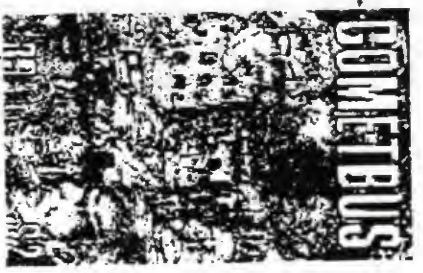
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(177)



A Study of Reading Habits

When getting my nose in a book
Cured most things short of school,
It was worth ruining my eyes
To know I could still keep cool,
And deal out the old right hook
To dirty dogs twice my size.

Later, with inch-thick specs,
Evil was just my lark:
Me and my cloak and fangs
Had ripping times in the dark.
The women I clubbed with sex!
I broke them up like meringues.

Don't read much now: the dude
Who lets the girl down before
The hero arrives, the chap
Who's yellow and keeps the store,
Seem far too familiar. Get stewed:
Books are a load of crap.

Philip Larkin (1922-1985)

Beyond Theory — Spain 1936-39, France 1968

"The revolution is a thing of the people, a popular creation; the counter-revolution is a thing of the State. It has always been so, and must always be so, whether in Russia, Spain, or China."⁴

Anarchist Federation of Iberia (FAI), Tierra y Libertad, July 3, 1936

The so-called Spanish Civil War is popularly believed to have been a simple battle between Franco's fascist forces and those committed to liberal democracy. What has been overlooked, or ignored, is that much more was happening in Spain than civil war. A broadly-based social revolution adhering to anarchist principles was taking firm, concrete form in many areas of the country. The gradual curtailment and eventual destruction of this libertarian movement is less important to discuss here than what was actually achieved by the women and men who were part of it. Against tremendous odds, they made anarchism work.

The realization of anarchist collectivisation and workers' self-management during the Spanish Revolution provides a classic example of organisation-plus-spontaneity. In both rural and industrial Spain, anarchism had been a part of the popular consciousness for many years. In the countryside, the people had a long tradition of communalism; many villages still shared common property or gave plots of land to those without any. Decades of rural collectivism and cooperation laid the foundation for theoretical anarchism, which came to Spain in the 1870s (via the Italian revolutionary, Fanelli, a friend of Bakunin) and eventually gave rise to anarcho-syndicalism, the application of anarchist principles to industrial trade unionism. The Confederación Nacional del Trabajo, founded in 1910, was the anarcho-syndicalist union (working closely with the militant Federación Anarquista Iberica) which provided instruction and preparation for workers' self-management and collectivization. Tens of thousands of books, newspapers, and pamphlets reaching almost every part of Spain contributed to an even greater general knowledge of anarchist thought.⁵ The anarchist principles of non-hierarchical cooperation and individual initiative combined with anarcho-syndicalist tactics of sabotage, boycott and general strike, and training in production and economics, gave the workers background in both theory and practice. This led to a successful spontaneous appropriation of both factories and land after July 1936.



by Peggy Kornegger, Ripped from
"Quiet Rumours: An Anarcha-Feminist Reader"
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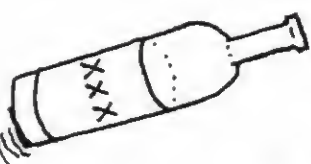
When the Spanish right responded to the electoral victory of the Popular Front with an attempted military takeover, on July 19, 1936, the people fought back with a fury which checked the coup within 24 hours. At this point, ballot box success became incidental; total social revolution had begun. While the industrial workers either went on strike or actually began to run the factories themselves, the agricultural workers ignored landlords and started to cultivate the land on their own. Within a short time, over 60% of the land in Spain was worked collectively — without landlords, bosses, or competitive incentive. Industrial collectivization took place mainly in the province of Catalonia, where anarcho-syndicalist influence was strongest. Since 75% of Spain's industry was located in Catalonia, this was no small achievement. So, after 75 years of preparation and struggle, collectivization was achieved, through the spontaneous collective action of individuals dedicated to libertarian principles.

What, though, did collectivization actually mean, and how did it work? In general, the anarchist collectives functioned on two levels: (1) small-scale participatory democracy and (2) large-scale coordination with control at the bottom. At each level, the main concern was decentralisation and individual initiative. In the factories and villages, representatives were chosen to councils which operated as administrative or coordinating bodies. Decisions always came from more general membership meetings, which all workers attended. To guard against the dangers of representation, representatives were workers themselves, and at all times subject to immediate, as well as periodic, replacement. These councils or committees were the basic units of self-management. From there, they could be expanded by further coordination into loose federations which would link together workers and operations over an entire industry or geographical area. In this way, distribution and sharing of goods could be performed, as well as implementation of programmes of wide-spread concern, such as irrigation, transportation, and communication. Once again, the emphasis was on the bottom-to-top process. This very tricky balance between individuality and collectivism was most

successfully accomplished by the Peasant Federation of Levant, which included 900 collectives, and the Aragon Federation of Collectives, composed of about 500 collectives.

Probably the most important aspect of self-management was the equalization of wages. This took many forms, but frequently the "family wage" system was used, wages being paid to each worker in money or coupons according to her/his needs and those of dependants. Goods in abundance were distributed freely, while others were obtainable with "money".

onward pointing into infinity, wraiths of humanity treading lightly the surface of the ground so deeply suppurated with the stink of their suffering you only have to dig a foot down to find a baby's hand.—The hotshot passenger train with grashing diesel hells by, brown, brown, the Indians just look up—I see them vanishing like spots—" and sitting in the redbull room in San Francisco now with sweet Mardon I think, "And this is your father I saw in the gray waste, swallowed by night—from his juices came your lips, your eyes full of suffering and sorrow, and we're not to know his name or name his destiny?"—Her little brown hand is curled in mine, her fingernails are paler than her skin, on her toes too and with her shoes off she has one foot curled in between my thighs for warmth and we talk, we begin our romance on the deeper level of love and histories of respect and shame.—For the greatest key to courage is shame and the blurfaces in the passing train see nothing out on the plain but figures of hoboes rolling out of sight—



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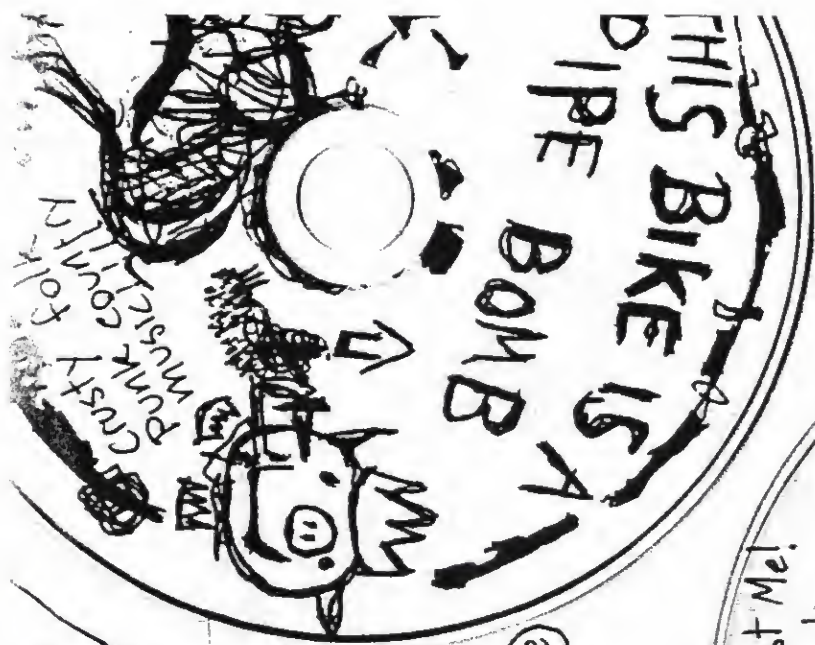
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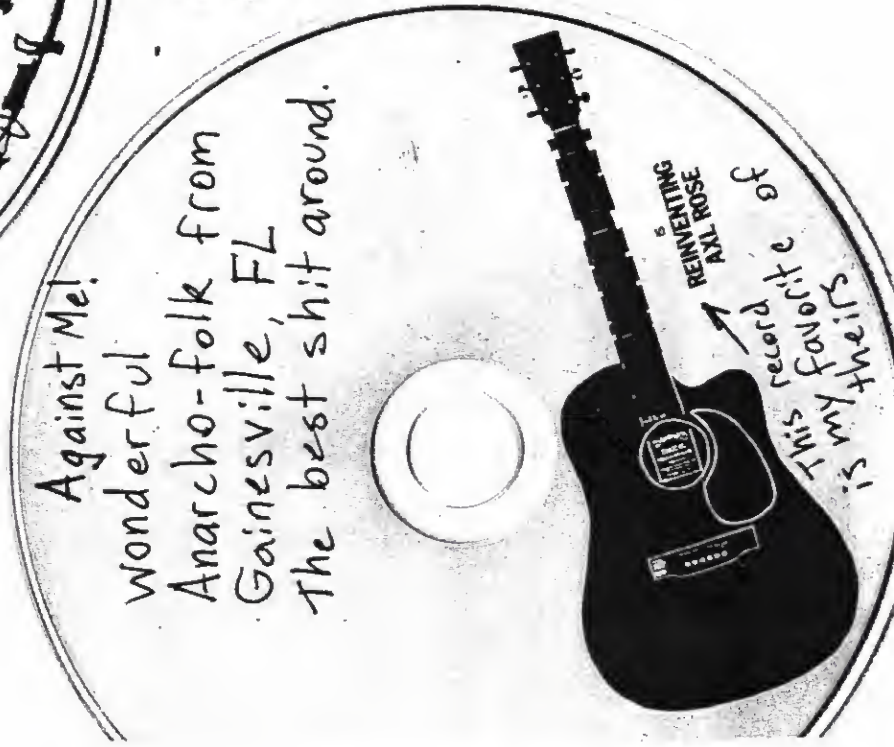
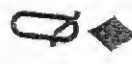


The New Left

Blah, blah, blah,
 Propaganda,
 Rhetoric:
 Revolution!
 -Subcomandante Ruoppolo

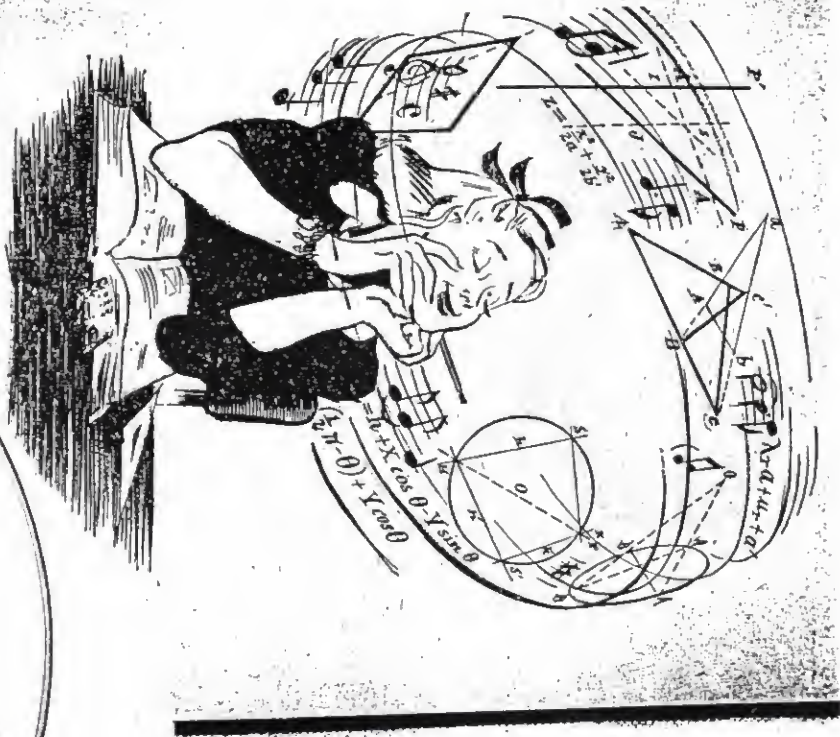


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Maria Baradomo
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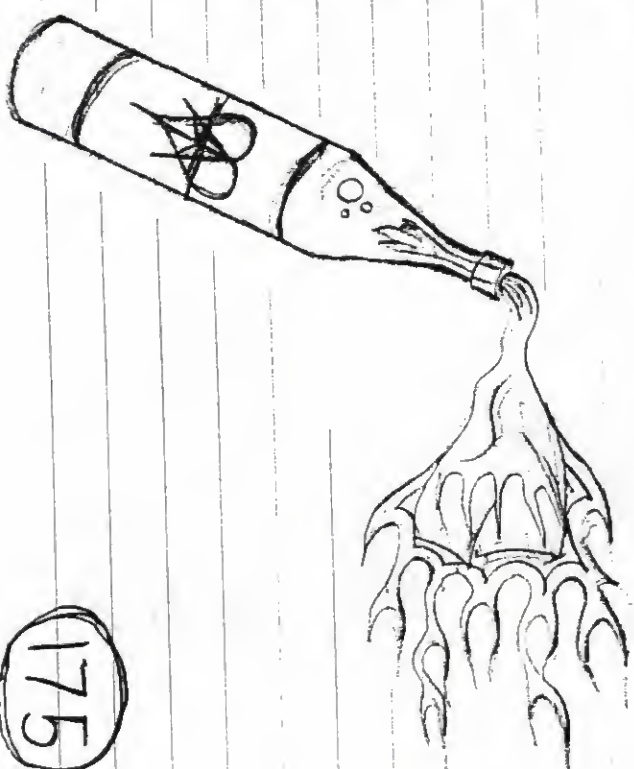
⑥ Everything that we know is up for sale...



... C'est Déjà Ici: issue 1

- * Subcomandante Ruoppolo
- * Number
- * Gahl
- * Zachary German
- * Liz Bryan

THANKS: Donald at The Female Species, THE Void, Caity, Cometbus, Catalyst NY, Scrag, everyone we love, and everyone who loves us.



excerpt from THE SUBTERRANEANS

where I kept imagining that Cherokee-halfbreed hobo father of hers lying bellydown on a flatcar with the wind furling back his rags and black hat, his brown sad face facing all that land and desolation.—At other moments I imagined him instead working as a picker around Indio and on a hot night he's sitting on a chair on the sidewalk among the joking shirt-sleeved men, and he spits and they say, "Hey Hawk Taw, tell us that story agin about the time you stole a taxicab and drove it clear to Manitoba, Canada—d'jever hear him tell that one, Cy?"—I saw the vision of her father, he's standing straight up, proudly, handsome, in the bleak dim red light of America on a corner, nobody knows his name, nobody cares—...

...Concern for her father, because I'd been out there and sat down on the ground and seen the rail the steel of America covering the ground filled with the bones of old Indians and Original Americans.—In the cold gray fall in Colorado and Wyoming I'd worked on the land and watched Indian hoboes come suddenly out of brush by the track and move slowly, hawk-lipped, rill-jawed and wrinkled, into the great shadow of the light bearing burdenbags and junk talking quietly to one another and so distant from the absorptions of the field hands, even the Negroes of Cheyenne and Denver streets, the Japs, the general minority Armenians and Mexicans of the whole West that to look at a three-or-foursome of Indians crossing a field and a railroad track is to the senses like something unbelievable as a dream—you think, "They must be Indians—ain't a soul looking at 'em—they're goin' that way—nobody notices—doesn't matter much which way they go—reservation? What have they got in those brown paper bags?" and only with a great amount of effort you realize "But they were the inhabitants of this land and under these huge skies they were the worriers and keeners and protectors of wives in whole nations gathered around tents—now the rail that runs over their forefathers' bones leads them

The benefits which came from wage equalization were tremendous. After huge profits in the hands of a few men were eliminated, the excess money was used both to modernise industry (purchase of new equipment, better working conditions) and to improve the land (irrigation, dams, purchase of tractors, etc.). Not only were better products turned out more efficiently, but consumer prices were lowered as well. This was true in such varied industries as: textiles, metal and munitions, gas, water, electricity, baking, fishing, municipal transportation, railroads, telephone services, optical products, health services, etc. The workers themselves benefited from a shortened work week, better working conditions, free health care, unemployment pay, and a new pride in their work. Creativity was fostered by self-management and the spirit of mutual aid; workers were concerned with turning out products which were better than those turned out under conditions of labour exploitation. They wanted to demonstrate that socialism works, that competition and greed motives are unnecessary. Within months, the standard of living had been raised by anywhere from 50-100% in many areas of Spain.

The achievements of the Spanish anarchists go beyond a higher standard of living and economic equality; they involve the realization of basic human ideals: freedom, individual creativity, and collective cooperation. The Spanish anarchist collectives did not fail; they were destroyed from without. Those (of the right and left) who believed in a strong State worked to wipe them out — of Spain and history. The successful anarchism of roughly eight million Spanish people is only now beginning to be uncovered.

"C'est pour toi que tu fais la révolution."⁷
[It is for yourself that you make the revolution.]

Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit

Anarchism has played an important part in French history, but rather than delve into the past, I want to focus on a contemporary event — May-June, 1968. The May-June events have particular significance because they proved that a general strike and

takeover of the factories by the workers, and the universities by the students, could happen in a modern, capitalistic, consumption-oriented country. In addition, the issues raised by the students and workers in France (e.g. self-determination, the quality of life) cut across class lines and have tremendous implications for the possibility of revolutionary change in a post-scarcity society.⁸

On March 22, 1968, students at the University of Nanterre, among them anarchist Daniel Cohn-Bendit, occupied administrative buildings at their school, calling for an end to both the Vietnam war and their own oppression as students. (Their demands were similar in content to those of students from Columbia to Berlin protesting in loco parentis.) The University was closed down, and the demonstrations spread to the Sorbonne. The SNESUP (the union of secondary school and university teachers) called for a strike, and the students' union, the UNEF, organised a demonstration for May 6. That day, students

and police clashed in the Latin Quarter in Paris; the demonstrators built barricades in the streets, and many were brutally beaten by the riot police. By the 7th, the number of protesters had grown to between twenty and fifty thousand people, marching toward the Etoile singing the Internationale. During the next few days, skirmishes between demonstrators and police in the Latin Quarter became increasingly violent, and the public was generally outraged at the police repression. Talks between labour unions and teachers' and students' unions began, and the UNEF and the FCN (a teachers' union) called for an unlimited strike and demonstration. On May 13, around six hundred thousand people — students, teachers, and workers — marched through Paris in protest.

On the same day, the workers at the Sud-Aviation plant in Nantes (a city with the strongest anarcho-syndicalist tendencies in France) went out on strike. It was this action that touched off the general strike, the largest in history, including ten million workers — "professionals and labourers, intellectuals and football players."¹⁰ Banks, post offices, gas stations, and department stores closed; the subway and busses stopped running; and trash piled up as the garbage collectors joined the strike. The Sorbonne was occupied by students, teachers, and anyone who wanted to come and participate in discussions there. Political dialogues which questioned the very basis of French capitalist society went on for days. All over Paris posters and graffiti appeared: it is forbidden to forbid. Life without dead times. All power to the imagination. The more you consume, the less you live. May-June became both an "assault on the established order" and a "festival of the streets."¹¹

Old lines between the middle and working classes often became meaningless as the younger workers and the students found themselves making similar demands: liberation from an oppressive authoritarian system (university or factory) and the right to make decisions about their own lives.

The people of France stood at the brink of total revolution. A general strike had paralysed the country. The students occupied the universities and the workers, the factories. What remained to be done was for the workers actually to work the factories, to take direct unmediated action and settle for nothing less than total self-management. Unfortunately, this did not occur. Authoritarian politics and bureaucratic methods die hard, and most of the major French workers' unions were saddled with both. As in Spain, the Communist Party worked against the direct, spontaneous actions of the people in the streets: the Revolution must be dictated from above. Leaders of the CGT (the Communist workers' union) tried to prevent contacts between the students and workers, and a united left soon became an impossibility. As de Gaulle and the police mobilized their forces and even greater violence broke out, many strikers accepted limited demands (better pay, shorter hours, etc.) and returned to work. Students continued their increasingly bloody confrontations with police, but the moment had passed. By the end of June, France had returned to "normality" under the same old Gaullist regime.

because you cannot
remain
what you once were
and my steps take me further
until my waking and dreaming lives
entangle
my lips on your skin
Your heart beat
echoing in my lungs.

-SUBCOMANDANTE

RUPPOLO



and,
reading my email,
the image
in my head:

the contoured plane
soft and clean
of your skin
smooth and exposed
in front of the mirror
the heavy air

behind the locked door of the shower

I think of you
as I walk
in the crisp, sunlit
air

my scarf trails behind
a multi-colored banner
in the fall smoke

I smile
(170)

What happened in France in 1968 is vitally connected to the Spanish Revolution of 1936; in both cases anarchist principles were not only discussed but implemented. The fact that the French workers never did achieve working self-management may be because anarcho-syndicalism was not as prevalent in France in the years prior to 1968 as it was in Spain before 1936. Of course, this is an over-simplification; explanation for a "failed" revolution can run on into infinity. What is crucial here, once again, is the fact that it happened at all. May-June, 1968, disproves the common belief that revolution is impossible in an advanced capitalist country. The children of the French middle and working classes, bred to passivity, mindless consumerism, and/or alienated labor, were rejecting much more than capitalism. They were questioning authority itself, demanding the right to a free and meaningful existence. The reasons for revolution in modern industrial society are thus no longer limited to hunger and material scarcity; they include the desire for human liberation from all forms of domination, in essence a radical change in the very "quality of everyday life".¹² They assume the necessity of a libertarian society. Anarchism can no longer be considered an anachronism.

"It is often said that anarchists live in a world of dreams to come and do not see things which happen today. We see them only too well, and in their true colours, and that is what makes us carry the hatchet into the forest of prejudices that besets us."¹³ (Peter Kropotkin)

There are two main reasons why revolution was aborted in France: (1) inadequate preparation in the theory and practice of anarchism and (2) the vast power of the State coupled with authoritarianism and bureaucracy in potentially sympathetic left-wing groups. In Spain, the revolution was more widespread and tenacious because of the extensive preparation. Yet it was still eventually crushed by a fascist State and authoritarian leftists. It is important to consider these two factors in relation to the situation in the United States today. We are not only facing a powerful State whose armed forces, police, and nuclear weapons could instantly destroy the entire human race, but we also find ourselves confronting a pervasive reverence for authority and hierarchical forms whose continuance is ensured daily through the kind of home-grown passivity bred by family, school, church, and TV screen. In addition, the U.S. is a huge country, with only a small, sporadic history of anarchist activity. It would seem that not only are we unprepared, we are literally dwarfed by a State more powerful than those of France and Spain combined. To say we are up against tremendous odds is an understatement.

But where does defining the Enemy as a ruthless, unquarable giant lead us? If we don't allow ourselves to be paralysed by fatalism and futility, it could force us to redefine revolution in a way that would focus on anarcho-feminism as the framework in which to view the struggle for human liberation. It is women who now hold the key to new conceptions of revolution, women who realize that revolution can no longer mean the seizure of power or the domination of one group by another — under any circumstances, for any length of time. It is domination itself that must be abolished. The very survival of the planet

depends on it. Men can no longer be allowed to wantonly manipulate the environment for their own self-interest, just as they can no longer be allowed to systematically destroy whole races of human beings. The presence of hierarchy and authoritarian mind-set threaten our human and our planetary existence. Global liberation and libertarian politics have become necessary, not just utopian pipe dreams. We must "acquire the conditions of life in order to survive".¹⁴

To focus on anarchy-feminism as the necessary revolutionary framework for our struggle is not to deny the immensity of the task before us. We do see "only too well" the root causes of our oppression and the tremendous power of the Enemy. But we also

see that the way out of the deadly historical cycle of incomplete or aborted revolutions requires of us new definitions and new tactics — ones which point to the kind of "hollowing out"¹⁵ process described later in the "Making Utopia Real" section. As women, we are particularly well-suited for participation in this process. Underground for ages, we have learned to be covert, subtle, sly, silent, tenacious, acutely sensitive, and expert at communication skills.

For our own survival, we learned to weave webs of rebellion which were invisible to the "masterful" eye.

We know what a boot looks like
when seen from underneath,
we know the philosophy of boots...

Soon we will invade like weeds,
everywhere but slowly;
the captive plants will rebel
with us, fences will topple,
brick walls ripple and fall,

there will be no more boots.
Meanwhile we eat dirt
and sleep; we are waiting
under your feet.
When we say Attack
you will hear nothing
at first.¹⁶

Anarchistic preparation is not non-existent in this country. It exists in the minds and actions of women readying themselves (often unknowingly) for a revolution whose forms will shatter historical inevitability and the very process of history itself.

and my waking
and dreaming
lives
are so disparate that I cannot understand
the difference

you



wake up, shower
brush your teeth, torture me
the mirror calls your name
like I can only hope to



but your response is noncommittal
and you pierce the reflection with your gaze
until the lightwaves arranged in your image
do not show your face
they are but shapes
they're not even yours

you've never seen these shapes before in your life
you swear.

P.S.

Punctuation
between the phrases
and clauses

of my sentence
I've been sentenced

to moments of unrecognized loss
Never knowing
What once was
and what

once

could have been

These days
blur and smear
they mesh
until white and black
are ~~xxxxxx~~

(168) The same

↑ Milan Kundera
"Tomas came to this conclusion: Making love with a woman
and sleeping with a woman are two separate passions, not merely
different but opposite. Love does not make itself felt in the
desire for copulation (a desire that extends to an infinite num-
ber of women) but in the desire for shared sleep (a desire limit-
ed to one woman)."



muerte de un miliciano (death of a loyalist soldier)

SPAIN '36



↗ (empty) ↖

(13)



En efecto.
De infierno a infierno, qué hay? En el aullido
de tus leñones, en la santa leche
de las madres de España, en la leche y los senos pisotreados
por los caminos, hay una aldea más, un silencio más, una
puerta rota.

Aquí estás. Triste párpado, estérco! de sinistras gallinas de sepulcro, pesado espuro, cifra de traición que la sangre no borra. Quién, quién eres, oh miserable hoja de sal, oh petro de la tierra, oh mal nacida palidez de sombra?

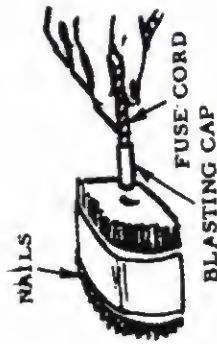
Silly

Goose,

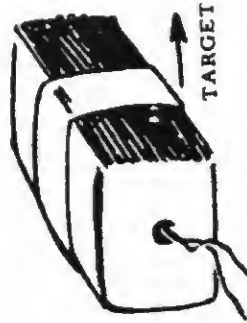
EAT

Can't

Time!



4. Insert the blasting cap in the hole in the block of explosive. Tape or tie the fuse cord securely in place so that it will not fall out when the grenade is thrown.



ALTERNATE USE:

An effective directional anti-personnel mine can be made by placing nails on only one side of the explosive block. For this case, an electric blasting cap can be used.

«IT SEEMS pretty clear that changes in the terms of thought affecting an institution are but little advanced by direct action means. They are brought about in obscure & circuitous ways, and assisted by trains of circumstance which before the fact would appear quite unrelated, and their erosive or solvent action is therefore quite unpredictable.»

-ALBERT JAY NOCK

This poem lifted from
Pablo Neruda's Collection,
"Residence on Earth"

¡PABLO!

GENERAL FRANCO IN HELL

Evil one, neither fire nor hot vinegar
in a nest of volcanic witches, nor devouring ice,
nor the putrid turtle that barking and weeping with the voice of a
dead woman scratches your belly
seeking a wedding ring and the toy of a slaughtered child,
will be for you anything but a dark demolished
door.

Indeed.

From one hell to another, what difference? In the howling
of your legions, in the holy milk
of the mothers of Spain, in the milk and the bosoms trampled
along the roads, there is one more village, one more silence,
a broken door.

Here you are. Wretched eyelid, dung
of sinister sepulchral hens, heavy sputum, figure
of treason that blood will not erase. Who, who are you,
oh miserable leaf of salt, oh dog of the earth,
oh ill-born pallor of shadow?

NAIL GRENADE

Effective fragmentation grenades can be made from a block of TNT or other blasting explosive and nails

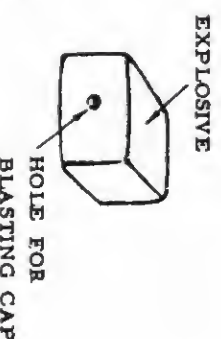
MATERIAL REQUIRED:

Block of TNT or other blasting explosive
Nails
Non-Electric Military blasting cap
Fuse Cord
Tape, string, wire or glue

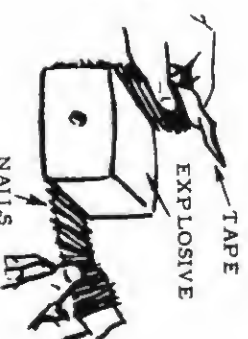


PROCEDURE:

1. If an explosive charge other than a standard TNT block is used, make a hole in the center of the charge for inserting the blasting cap. TNT can be drilled with relative safety. With plastic explosives, a hole can be made by pressing a round stick into the center of the charge. The hole should be deep enough that the blasting cap is totally within the explosive.



2. Tape, tie or glue one or two rows of closely packed nails to sides of explosive block. Nails should completely cover the four surfaces of the block.



3. Place blasting cap on one end of the fuse cord and crimp with pliers.

NOTE: To find out how long the fuse cord should be, check the time it takes a known length to burn. If 12 inches (30 cm) burns for 30 seconds, a 10 second delay will require a 4 inch (10 cm) fuse.



Retrocede la llama sin ceniza, la sed salina del infierno, los círculos del dolor palidecen.

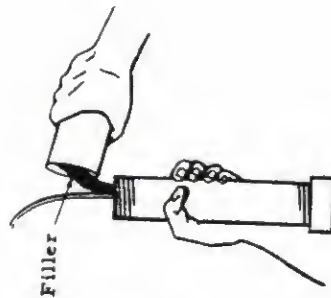
Maldito, que sólo lo humano te persiga, que dentro del absoluto fuego de las cosas, no te consumas, que no te pierdas en la escala del tiempo, y que no te taladre el vidrio ardiendo ni la feroz espuma.

Solo, solo, para las lágrimas todas reunidas, para una eternidad de manos muertas y ojos podridos, solo en una cueva de tu infierno, comiendo silenciosa pus y sangre por una eternidad maldita y sola.

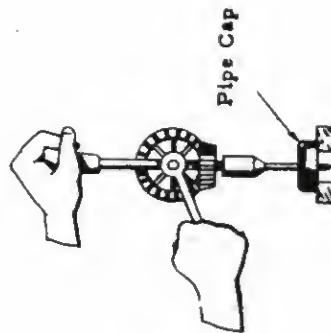
No mereces dormir aunque sea clavados de alfileres los ojos: debes estar despierto, General, despierto eternamente, entre la podredumbre de las recién paridas, ametralladas en Otoño. Todas, todos los tristes niños desecuarizados, tiesos, están colgados, esperando en tu infierno ese día de fiesta fría: tu llegada.

Niños negros por la explosión, trozos rojos de seso, corredores de dulces intestinos, te esperan todos, todos, en la misma actitud de atravesar la calle, de patear la pelota, de tragar una fruta, de sonreír o nacer.

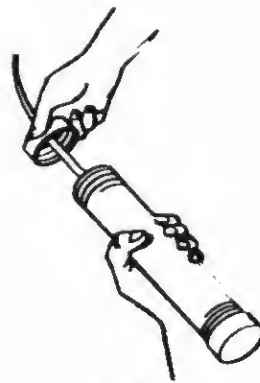
Sonreír. Hay sonrisas ya demolidas por la sangre que esperan con dispersos dientes exterminados y máscaras de confusa materia, rostros huecos de pólvora perpetua, y los fantasmas sin nombre, los oscuros



3. Pour explosive or propellant into pipe a little bit at a time. Tap the base of the pipe frequently to settle filler.



4. Drill a hole in the center of the unassembled pipe cap large enough for the fuse cord to pass through.



5. Wipe pipe threads to remove any filler material.

Slide the drilled pipe cap over the fuse and screw handtight onto the pipe.

The flame retreats without ash, the salty thirst of hell, the circles of grief turn pale.

Cursed one, may only humans pursue you, within the absolute fire of things may you not be consumed, not be lost in the scale of time, may you not be pierced by the burning glass or the fierce foam.

Alone, alone, for the tears all gathered, for an eternity of dead hands and rotted eyes, alone in a cave of your hell, eating silent pus and blood through a cursed and lonely eternity.

You do not deserve to sleep even though it be with your eyes fastened with pins: you have to be

awake, General, eternally awake among the putrefaction of the new mothers, machine-gunned in the autumn. All and all the sad children cut to pieces,

rigid, they hang, awaiting in your hell that day of cold festivity: your arrival.

Children blackened by explosions, red fragments of brain, corridors filled with gentle intestines, they all await you, all in the very posture

of crossing the street, of kicking the ball, of swallowing a fruit, of smiling, or being born.

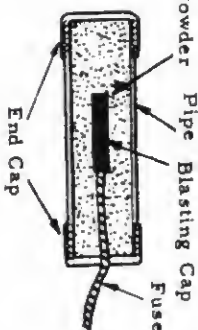
Smiling. There are smiles now demolished by blood that wait with scattered exterminated teeth and masks of muddled matter, hollow faces of perpetual gunpowder, and the nameless ghosts, the dark

PIPE HAND GRENADE

Hand grenades can be made from a piece of iron pipe. The filler can be plastic or granular military explosive, improvised explosive, or propellant from shotgun or small arms ammunition.

MATERIAL REQUIRED

- Iron pipe, threaded ends, 1 1/2" Powder
- to 3" diam., 3" to 8" long.
- Two (2) iron pipe caps.
- Explosive or propellant
- Nonelectric blasting cap.
- (Commercial or military)
- Fuse cord
- Hand drill
- Pliers



PROCEDURE

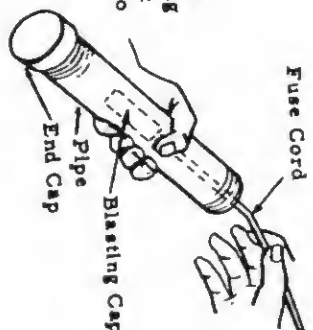
1. Place blasting cap on one end of fuse cord and crimp with pliers.

NOTE: To find out how long the fuse cord should be, check the time it takes a known length to burn. If 12 inches burns in 30 seconds, a 6-inch cord will ignite the grenade in 15 seconds.



2. Screw pipe cap to one end of pipe. Place fuse cord with blasting cap into the opposite end so that the blasting cap is near the center of the pipe.

NOTE: If plastic explosive is to be used, fill pipe before inserting blasting cap. Push a round stick into the center of the explosive to make a hole and then insert the blasting cap.



escondidos, los que nunca salieron de su cama de escombros. Todos te esperan para pasar la noche. Llenan los corredores como algas corrompidas.

Son nuestros, fueron nuestra carne, nuestra salud, nuestra paz de herrerías, nuestro océano de aire y pulmones. A través de ellos las secas tierras florecían. Ahora, más allá de la tierra, hechos substancia destruida, materia asesinada, harina muerta, te esperan en tu infierno.

Como el agudo espanto o el dolor se consumen, mi espanto ni dolor te aguardan. Solo y maldito seas, solo y despierto seas entre todos los muertos, y que la sangre caiga en ti como la lluvia, y que un agonizante río de ojos cortados te resbale y recorra mirándote sin término.

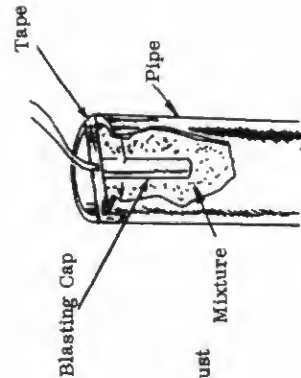
← (empty) →

HOW TO USE:

1. Wax blasting cap, pipe and end cap.
2. Thread end cap onto pipe.



3. Pour mixture into pipe.



4. Insert and tape blasting cap just beneath surface of mixture.

NOTE: Confining the open end of the pipe will add to the effectiveness of the explosive.

hidden ones, those who never left
their beds of rubble. They all wait for you
to spend the night. They fill the corridors
like decayed seaweed.

They are ours, they were our

flesh, our health, our
bustling peace, our ocean
of air and lungs. Through
them the dry earth flowered. Now, beyond the earth,
turned into destroyed
substance, murdered matter, dead flour,
they await you in your hell.

Since acute terror or sorrow waste away,
neither terror nor sorrow await you. May you be alone
and accursed,

alone and awake among all the dead,
and let blood fall upon you like rain,
and let a dying river of severed eyes
slide and flow over you staring at you endlessly.

→ PABLO NERUDA

SODIUM CHLORATE AND SUGAR OR ALUMINUM EXPLOSIVE

An explosive munition can be made from sodium chlorate combined with granular sugar, or aluminum powder. This explosive can be detonated with a No. 8 commercial or a Military J-2 blasting cap.

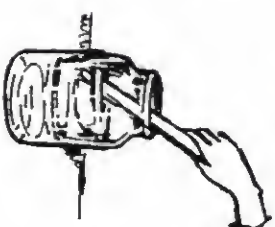
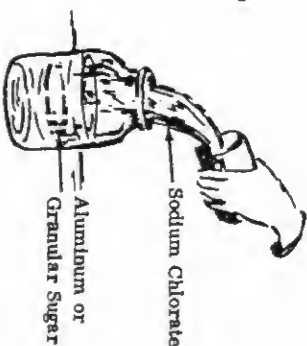
MATERIAL REQUIRED:

SOURCE:

Sodium chlorate	Section I, No. 23
Granular sugar	Food store
Aluminum powder	Paint store
Wooden rod or stick	
Bottle or jar	
Blasting cap	
Steel pipe (threaded at one end), end cap and tape	
Wax	
Measuring container (cup, quart, etc.)	

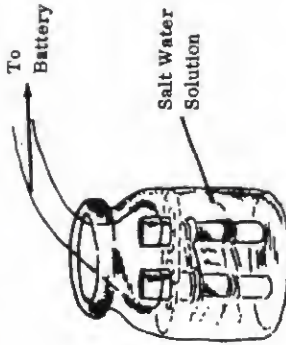
PROCEDURE:

1. Add three volumes (cups, quarts, etc.) sodium chlorate to one volume aluminum, or two granular sugar, in bottle or jar.



2. Mix ingredients well by stirring with the wooden rod or stick.





6. Submerge 4-1/2 in. of the rods into the salt water solution.

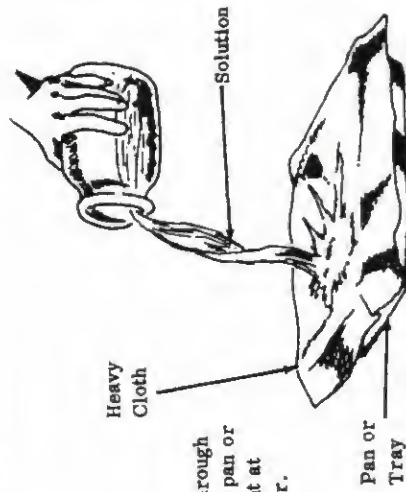
7. With gear in neutral position, start the vehicle engine. Depress the accelerator approximately 1/5 of its full travel.

8. Run the engine with the accelerator in this position for 2 hours; then, shut it down 2 hours.

9. Repeat this cycle for a total of 64 hours while maintaining the level of the acid-salt water solution in the glass jar.

CAUTION: This arrangement employs voltages which may be dangerous to personnel. Do not touch bare wire leads while engine is running.

10. Shut off the engine. Remove the rods from the glass jar and disconnect wire leads from the battery.



11. Filter the solution through the heavy cloth into a flat pan or tray, leaving the sediment at the bottom of the glass jar.

12. Allow the water in the filtered solution to evaporate at room temperature (approx. 16 hours). The residue is approximately 60% or more sodium chlorate which is pure enough to be used as an explosive ingredient.

...I don't know, use it if you want. It's something I did as sort of a sequel of something I wrote on October 11, 2001 [One Month After], which I subtitled "I was 13". I guess this is "I was 15".

Notes: Sept 11, 2003

Walking home from the bus stop in the rain
I search my empty hands for the umbrella I left at Port Authority

I'll call it "unintentional charity"

Maria Who Cleans the Terminal Restrooms
will call it

"Let me just sneak this miracle into the my uniform locker
before Boss notices and deems it a
Suspicious, Unmanned Object."

She never really wanted that job
she wishes there were something closer to her home on 157th
or at least that the little Spanish busses went the little extra way

They do come my way
pretty close to My Standard Square of Suburbia

I still prefer to walk in the rain

Then again,
I have the INS, and time
on my side

I spy:
Soggy newspapers on the ground
bearing puppy prints of American flags
and black & bold
"We Will Never Forget"'s

Newspapers people forgot to pick up off their lawns.

Maria might have pulled out the 'ole glory cutouts from this issue to tape onto her window, the one facing the street where it can be noticed

Even though no one walks around that section of Washington Heights by foot

Just to be on the safe side though

No quiero deportar
not to look suspicious, you know?

I have the privilege of taking risks:

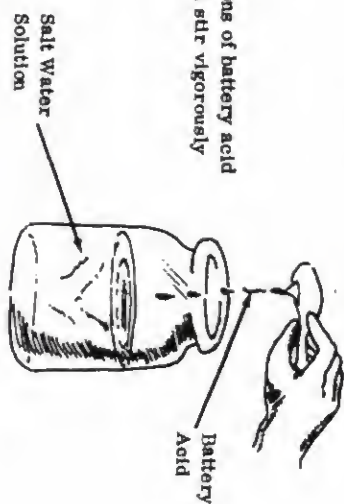
I sacrifice a wet pant cuff
to bend down and trash the crumbling issue of *Times*

I don't like to litter.

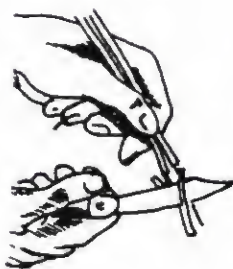
Pax, Gahl.



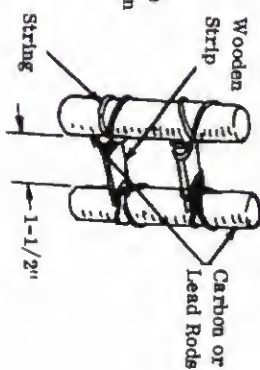
2. Add 2 teaspoons of battery acid to the solution and stir vigorously for 5 minutes.



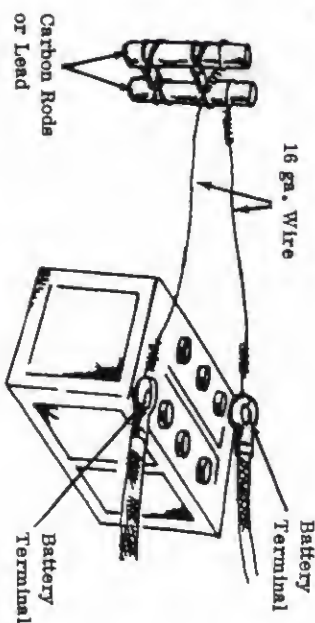
3. Strip about 4 inches of insulation from both ends of the 2 wires.



4. With knife and sticks shape 2 strips of wood 1 x 1/8 x 1-1/2. Tie the wood strips to the lead or carbon rods so that they are 1-1/2 inches apart.



5. Connect the rods to the battery in a motor vehicle with the insulated wire.



We're just proving a point here, Don't do anything stupid. FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY *

Section I
No. 23

SODIUM CHLORATE

Sodium chlorate is a strong oxidizer used in the manufacture of explosives. It can be used in place of potassium chlorate (see Section I, No. 1).

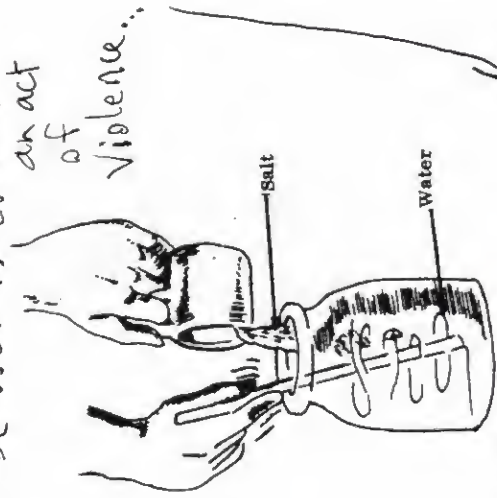
MATERIAL REQUIRED:

- 2 carbon or lead rods (1 in. diameter x 5 in. long)
- Salt or, ocean water
- Sulfuric acid, diluted
- Motor vehicle
- Water
- 2 wires, 16 gauge (3/64 in. diameter approx.), 6 ft. long, insulated
- Gasoline
- 1 gallon glass jar, wide mouth (5 in. diameter x 6 in. high approx.)
- Sticks
- String
- Teaspoon
- Trays
- Cup
- Heavy cloth
- Knife
- Large flat pan or tray

SOURCES:

- Dry cell batteries (2-1/2 in. diameter x 7 in. long) or plumbing supply store
- Grocery store or ocean
- Motor vehicle batteries

* The material on the following pages is published and for sale by the U.S. Govt, however, they classify it to be a crime to distribute this information with the intent that it be used to commit an act of violence...



1. Mix 1/2 cup of salt into the one gallon glass jar with 3 liters (3 quarts) of water.

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY

Why are they distributing it?

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Support OUR TROOPS.

23

"And behold those that try to expose the reality, who really try to realize democracy are shot with rubber bullets and gassed off the streets while global warmers are kept

ETRE GOUVERNE

c'est être gardé à vue, inspecté, espionné, dirigé, légitimé, réglementé, parqué, endoctriné, prêché, contrôlé, estimé, apprécié, censuré, commandé, par des êtres qui n'ont ni titre ni la science, ni la vertu... Etre gouverné, c'est être, à chaque opération, à chaque transaction, à chaque mouvement, noté, enregistré, recensé, tarifé, timbré, toisé, coté, cotisé, patente, licencié, autorisé, apostillé, admonesté, empêché, réformé, redressé, corrigé. C'est, sous prétexte d'utilité publique, et au nom de l'intérêt général, être mis à contribution, exercé, rançonné, exploité, monopolisé, concusonné, pressuré, mystifié, volé ; puis, à la moindre rébelle, au premier mot de plainte, réprimé, amendé, vilipendé, vexé, traqué, houspillé, assomé, désarmé, garotté, emprisonné, fusillé, mitraillé, jugé, condamné, déporté, sacrifié, vendu, trahi, et pour comble, joué, berné, outragé, déshonoré. Voilà le gouvernement, voilà sa justice, voilà sa morale ! Et qu'il y a parmi nous des démocrates qui prétendent que le gouvernement a du bon ; des socialistes qui le soutiennent, au nom de la liberté, de l'égalité et de la fraternité, cette ignominie ; des prolétaires qui posent leur candidature à la présidence la République !

-J.-P. PROUDHON ("Idée générale de la révolution au XIXe siècle")



Rite to Life

In pursuit of distant dying light
Thrust through ponderous oceans of pap
Drooling down my chest

And my pale body
Will be smudged into the wet snow

Crying
Like walking the arctic tundra
A momentary lapse in volition

In pursuit of distant dying light
Sobbing eternally in the dim
Between dog and wolf
ecerie somberness

Scratching at the trust in time

with a hermit's frightened frenzy
Some promises should never be broken

Some promises
should never be made

Walking the arc
of the earth

In pursuit of distant dying light
Pushing scratching indecision

I wish
even for
some
morbid
fate
To be
a corpse floating on the sk
of warm milk

Just to think floating warmth
Would give sallow sinking life

In pursuit
of distant
dying
light

written by
Number

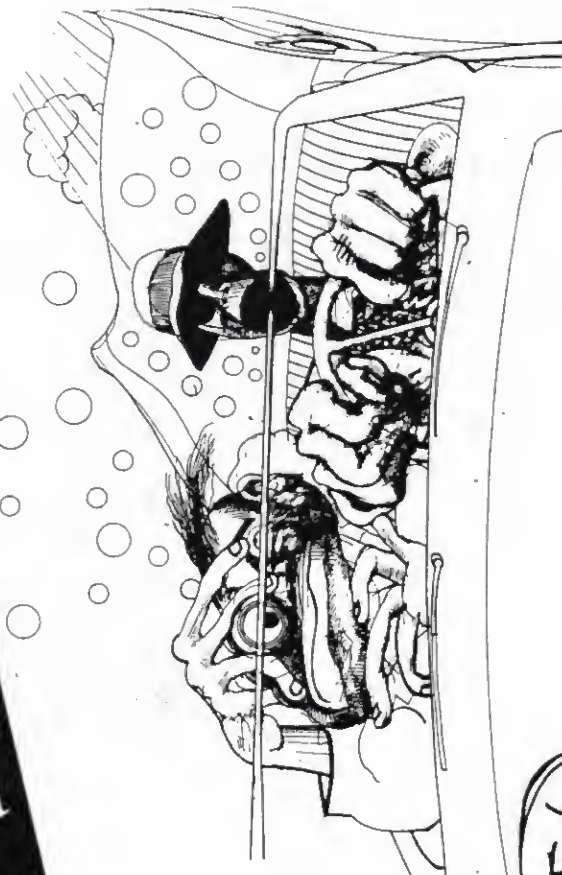
24

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E.Z.L.N.



WHEN YOU
RIDE ALONE,
YOU RIDE
WITH THE
MEXICAN
ARMY.

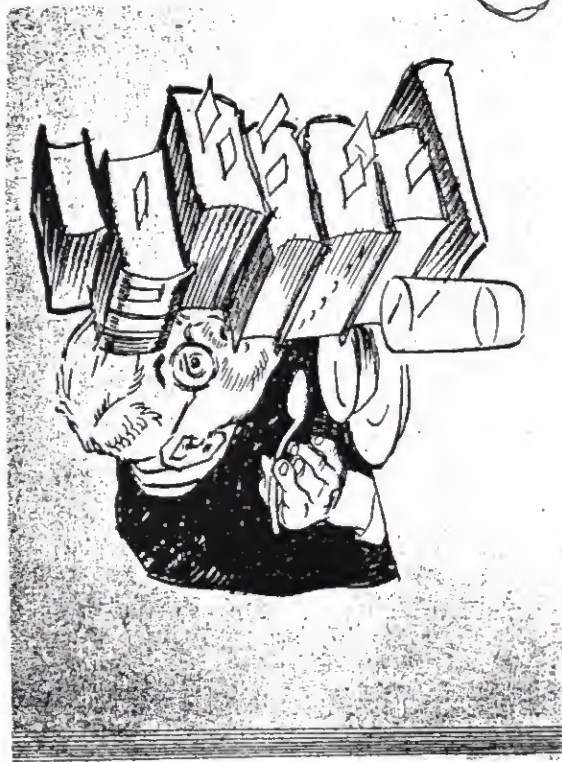


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To be governed is to be watched over, inspected, spied on, directed, legislated, regimented, evaluated, censored, commanded; all by creatures that have neither the right, nor wisdom, nor virtue. . . . To be governed means that at every move, operation, or transaction one is noted, registered, entered in a census, taxed, stamped, priced, assessed, patented, licensed, authorized, recommended, admonished, prevented, reformed, set right, corrected. Government means to be subjected to tribute, trained, ransomed, exploited, monopolized, extorted, pressured, mystified, robbed; all in the name of resistance and the general good. Then, at the first sign of resistance or utility and the general good, one is repressed, imprisoned, shot, betrayed, or word of complaint, one is garroted, sacrificed, sold, dishonored. That is sued, hustled, beaten up, garroted, sacrificed, sold, dishonored. That is garroted, judged, sentenced, mocked, outraged, and dishonored. . . . O human per to cap it all, that is its justice and its morality! . . . O human per government, that is its justice and its morality! . . . O human per sonality! How can it be that you have covered in such subjection for sixty centuries?

"The government of man by man is servitude." "Whoever lays a hand on me to govern me is a usurper and a tyrant. I declare him to be my enemy."



25

KARL MARX

(Ripped from "Capital" Vol. I)

CHAPTER XXXII

HISTORICAL TENDENCY OF CAPITALIST ACCUMULATION

What does the primitive accumulation of capital, i.e., its historical genesis, resolve itself into? In so far as it is not immediate transformation of slaves and serfs into wage-labourers, and therefore a mere change of form, it only means the expropriation of the immediate producers, i.e., the dissolution of private property based on the labour of its owner. Private property, as the antithesis to social, collective property, exists only where the means of labour and the external conditions of labour belong to private individuals. But according as these private individuals are labourers or not labourers, private property has a different character. The numberless shades, that it at first sight presents, correspond to the intermediate stages lying between these two extremes. The private property of the labourer in his means of production is the foundation of petty industry, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or both; petty industry, again, is an essential condition for the development of social production and of the free individuality of the labourer himself. Of course, this petty mode of production exists also under slavery, serfdom, and other states of dependence. But it flourishes, it lets loose its whole energy, it attains its adequate classical form, only where the labourer is the private owner of his own means of labour set in action by himself: the peasant of the land which he cultivates, the artisan of the tool which he handles as a virtuoso. This mode of production pre-supposes parcelling of the soil, and scattering of the other means of production. As it excludes the concentration of these

Where am I?



Russian roulette.



TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA GIVE IT 35%

We drank bottled water together and talked business. I think I played the right moves. You were looking over my shoulder, as I went through the motions of another night. And it was alright, because I thought I knew who everybody was just by looking at them. My heart is anywhere but here, and now tired I was from the past couple weeks, from the past couple years, well it hit me all at once. On a balcony overlooking nothing, with snow falling, all wrong, really. It's not you. I can't believe how naive I was to think things could ever be so simple. And you hadn't done anything, when you're all alone, behind closed doors. I know about yourself, when you're always knew we're right there. It's the things we never said but we always knew, praying to a god I don't even get me on my knees in a bathroom, praying to a god I don't even believe in. "Dear Jesus... are you listening?" It this is the one chance that really matters, don't let me fuck this up. If you had told me about all this when I was fifteen, I never would have believed it.

-AGAINST

Me!



SPECTACLE.

means of production, so also it excludes co-operation, division of labour within each separate process of production, the control over, and the productive application of the forces of Nature by society, and the free development of the social productive powers. It is compatible only and a system of production, and a society, moving within narrow and more or less primitive bounds. To perpetuate it would be, as Pecqueur rightly says, "to decree universal mediocrity." At a certain stage of development it brings forth the material agencies for its own dissolution. From that moment new forces and new passions spring up in the bosom of society; but the old social organisation fetters them and keeps them down. It must be annihilated; it is annihilated. Its annihilation, the transformation into the individualised and scattered means of production of the great mass of concentrated ones, of the pigmy property of the great mass the huge property of the few, the expropriation of the great mass of the people from the soil, from the means of subsistence, and from the means of labour, this fearful and painful expropriation of the mass of the people forms the prelude to the history of capital. It comprises a series of forcible methods, of which we have passed in review only those that have been epoch-making as methods of the primitive accumulation of capital. The expropriation of the immediate producers was accomplished with merciless Vandalism, and under the stimulus of passions the most odious, the most sordid, the pettiest, that is based, so to say, on the fusing together of the isolated, independent labouring-individual with the conditions of his labour, which rests on supplanted by capitalistic private property, which rests on exploitation of the nominally free labour of others, *i.e.*, on wage-labour.¹

As soon as this process of transformation has sufficiently decomposed the old society from top to bottom, as soon as the labourers are turned into proletarians, their means of labour into capital, as soon as the capitalist mode of production stands on

¹ "Nous sommes dans une condition tout-à-fait nouvelle de la société... nous tendons à séparer toute espèce de propriété d'avec toute espèce de travail." (Sismoudi: "Nouveaux Principes d'Econ. Polit." t. II, p. 434.)

Complaint

I am afraid of being, on this shore,
a branchless trunk, and what I most regret
is having no flower, pulp, or clay
for the worm of my despair.

Never let me lose what I have gained
and adorn the branches of your river
with leaves of my estranged Autumn.

-Federico Garcia

Loca

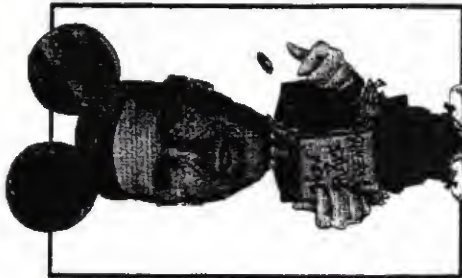
(MURDERED BY FRANCO'S FALANGIST FORCES, SPAIN)

1936)

57

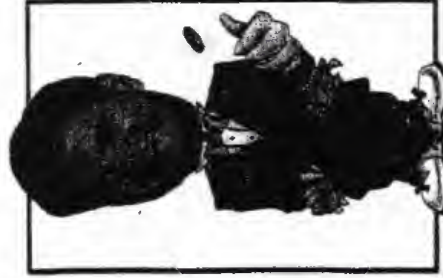
[illegible]

5 ♣



Michael Eisner
CEO The Walt Disney Company

5 ♠



Steve Case
board member AOL Time Warner

I want to
put Disney
on ice...

6 ♥



Charles Conway
former CEO Kwari

9 ♠



Hooray For
Capitalism!

152

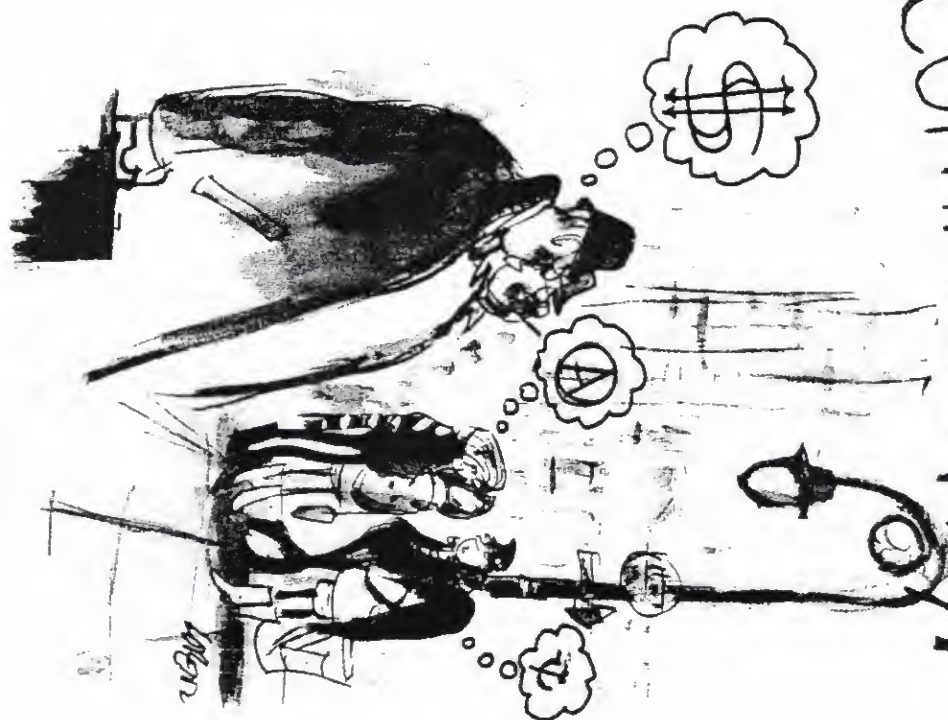
29

The transformation of scattered private property, arising from individual labour, into capitalist private property is, naturally, a process, incomparably more protracted, violent, and difficult, than the transformation of capitalistic private property, already practically resting on socialised production, into socialised property. In the former case, we had the expropriation of the mass of the people by a few usurpers; in the latter, we have the expropriation of a few usurpers by the mass of the people.¹

¹ The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the labourers, due to competition, by their revolutionary combination, due to association. The development of Modern Industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet, the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie, therefore, produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable... Of all the classes, that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie to-day, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class. The other classes perish and disappear in the face of Modern Industry, the proletariat is its special and essential product... The lower middle-classes, the small manufacturers, the shopkeepers, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie, to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle-class ... they are reactionary, for they try to roll back the wheel of history." Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, "Manifest der Kommunistischen Partei," London, 1848, pp. 9, 11.

30

"The hell of it is those punks pump over fifteen billion dollars into the economy every year."



your rebellion
is a
commodity.

Some of NYSE's 50 MOST
Wanted.

A
♣



BERNIE EBBERS
FORMER CEO WORLDCOM

♣
A

A
♠



KEN LAY
FORMER CEO ENRON

♠
A

Q
♥

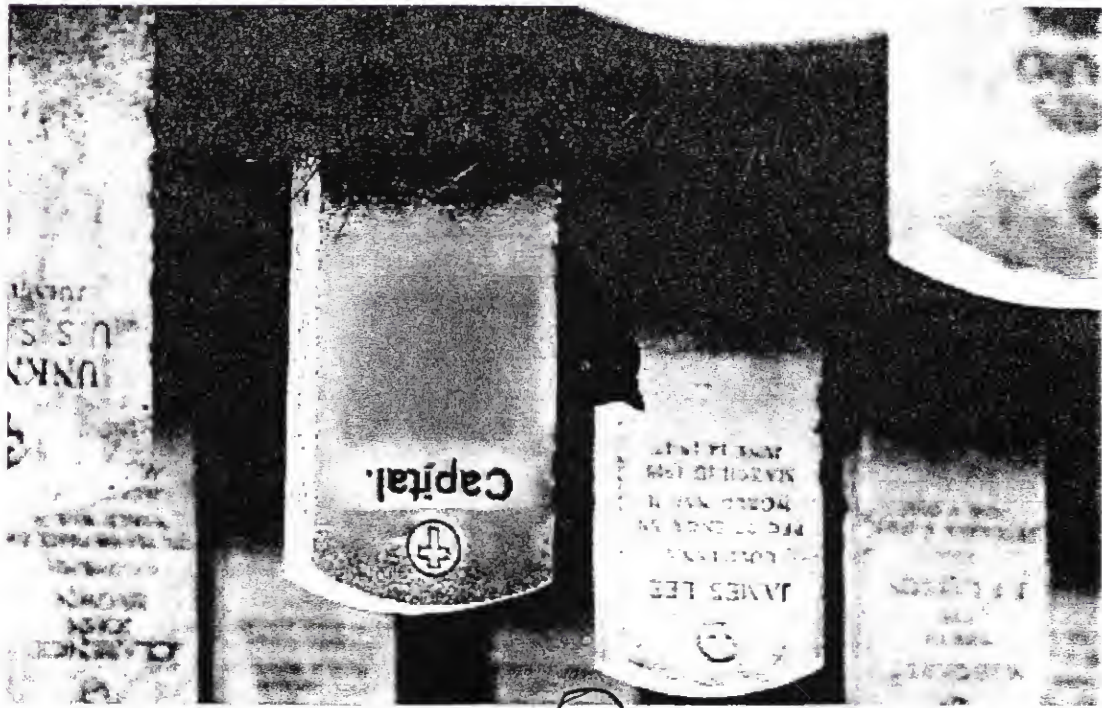


MARTHA STEWART
CEO MARTHA STEWART LIVING
OMNIMEDIA

♥
Q

151

← (empty) →



150

THE STATE IS Nothing
MORE Than an
AVUNCULAR TUMOR.



A PISS IN THE OCEAN Punk played its own important role in the fight against oppression. Aired awareness, new opinions, destroyed formerly accepted obsessions. Right out the window went stale traditions, false morals blinded hope. Respect for authority joined them, we made them a standing joke.

We said "Fuck Off" smarmy popstar shits portraying images of a perfect world. Smearing a happy, clean face on reality "it's the queens jubilee" ... go to hell. Refusing to be puppets with the promise of a future. There is no future so never mind the bollocks, 'cos anarchy in the UK suits us. The public screamed in outcry, demanded immediate termination. The "scum of the earth" has raised its voice. "How could they do this to our nation?"

The media tried to destroy us, stop the poor mans rock invasion. The exposure only helped us, reveal their hopeless situation. Gaining in momentum and in numbers, we needed spokesmen. And that came from four people from the real world, like the rest of us. We now had a voice, an alternative, our message getting louder. Nothing now could stop us rising up to meet their fast advancing challenge. When the challenge came they crumbled, as the four proved easy prey. For the states clever weapon money proved too tempting once again. Big bastard business cheque books opened up and then swallowed. The leeches sucked hard slyly, "we couldn't believe the scenes that followed".

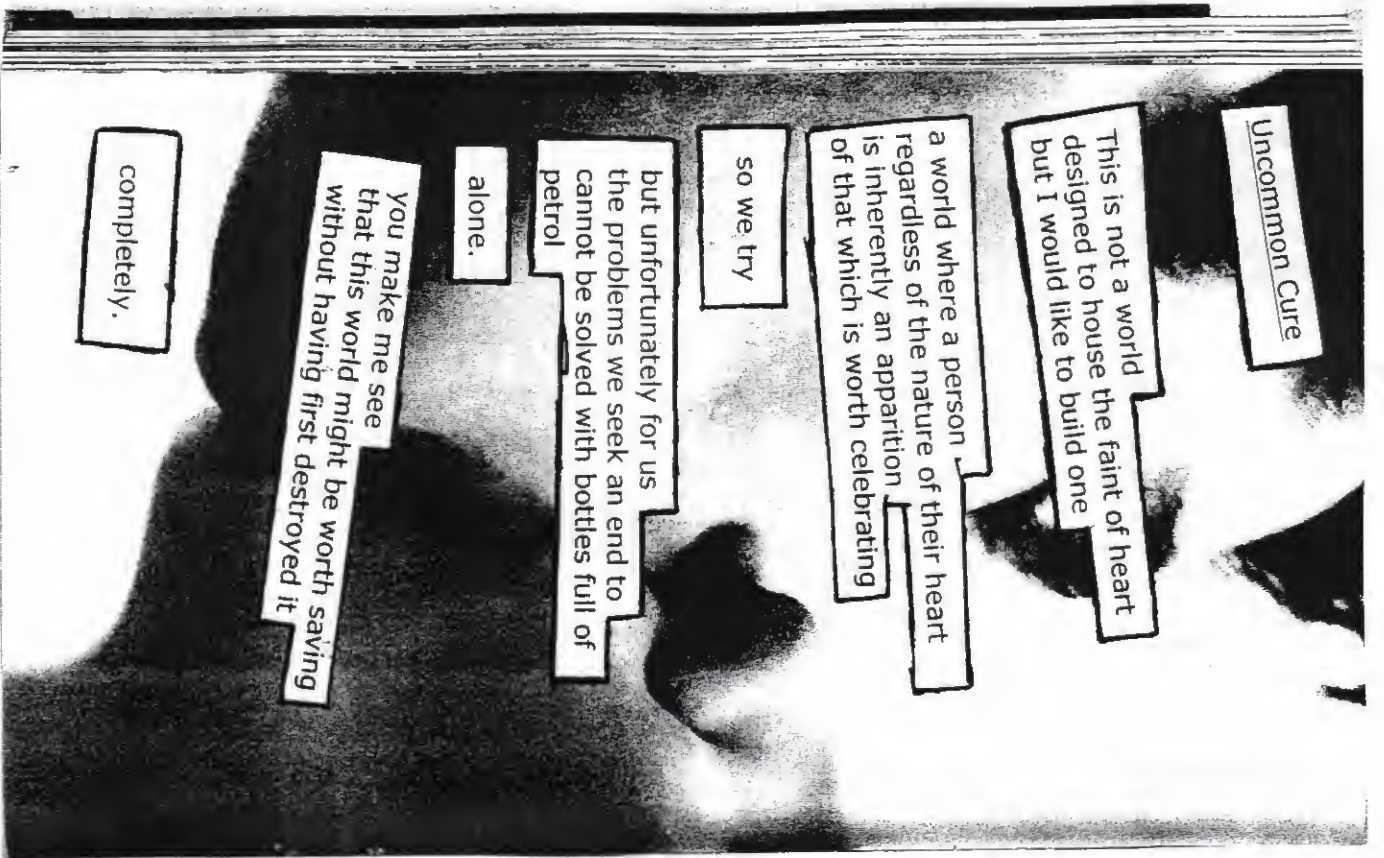
Punk shops: "ROLL UP! BUY YOUR REBELLION HERE!" Badges, posters, bondage, books, colouring for your hair. Like sheep they flocked to buy punk rock a part of the new threat. The country laughed and screamed "Punk flop" it now seemed punk was dead!

Toured the lands to disneyland. We stood and could only watch. And ripped the state apart. As they took everything we stood for. Destroyed the music status quo. And made a mockery of it. Created a new start (for us). The four feeding finance straight back into the let-set pads, the sunny land. The system they supposedly despised. The songs of train-robbings. What was once the black flag of anarchy. It's all more money in the bank. Was now the colours of the union jack. So come on boys/girls and sing.

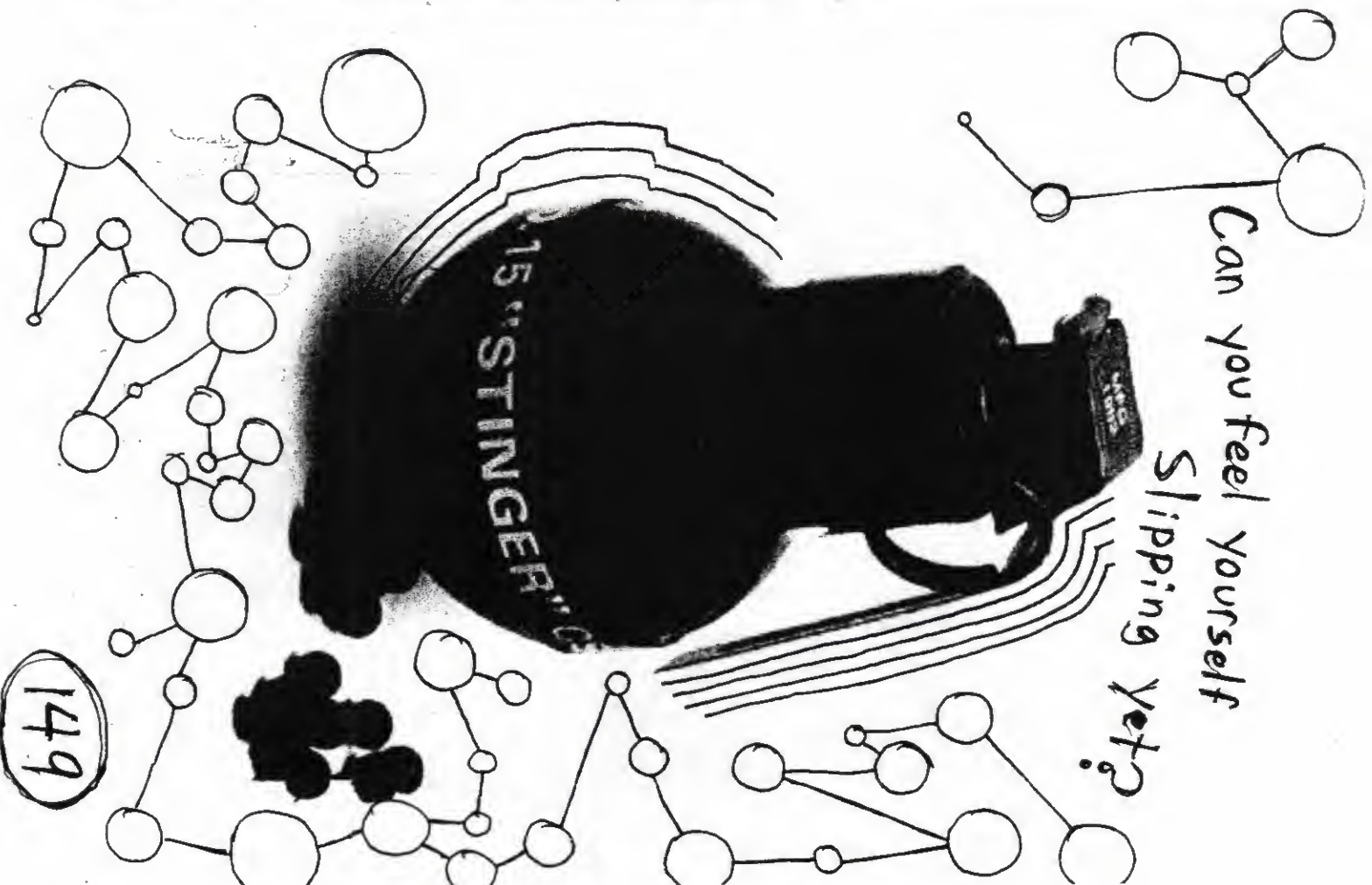
The movement, punk rock, who cares? we're just another band, they're just another band. Direct action is what achieves change, not miming to words. How much longer must we sing the same old song. Crawling from the mess that they'd left standing as our future. We realised we needed no-one to mouth off our message for us. Told big business to take a running jump, went back underground where we started. The tribe then split, as some stayed behind to mourn.

-Conflict

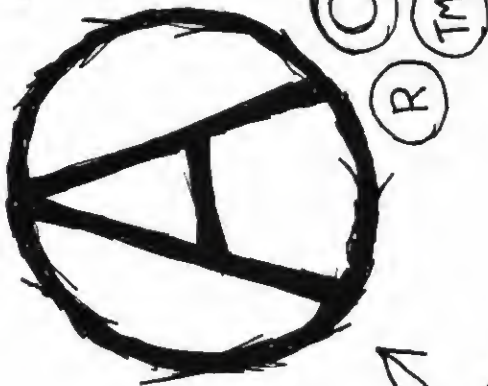
31



32



Hey, Hot Topic
Kids!



Everytime you buy
Something with this
Symbol on it, ~~THE~~ →
~~MAN~~ Gets a dollar...
THE GAP

Dumbass.

(Yes, THE Gap owns Hot Topic...
seriously.)

148



And I sometimes wonder what would
come
of a union
a praxis
between the two of us

the way I would hold you for hours
in spite of the Capitalist dictation
that love is a waste of time
and money

Because if love is subversive
I can't even imagine
the threat we would pose

and sometimes I like to think
that every time I would kiss you

a starbucks would burn.

SUBCOMANDANTE RUOPPOLO

-WRITTEN BY SUBCOMANDANTE
RUOPPOLO

33

How To: Graffiti Propaganda

BEGINNERS GRAFFITI-PROPAGANDA
A HOW-TO FOR THE FIRST OFFENDER

us.001

PUT IT WHERE THE PEOPLE CAN SEE IT:

REAL ESTATE
OR WHERE IT MAKES A POINT

SPRAY PAINT
AT FIRST IT WILL SPRAY TOO THICK OR TOO THIN -

NOZZLES ARE INTERCHANGEABLE. SOME SPRAY BETTER, SOME SAVE THE M.

SO START THE CAN OUT ON AN UNIFORM SURFACE.

IF SOLUTION IS THIN ENOUGH YOU CAN SPRAY IT FROM A TANK, BOTTLE

GLUE ON WITH A SOLUTION OF WATER + ELDER GLUE OR WATER & WHEAT PASTE.

COVER SURFACE WITH GLUE BEFORE PUT ON POSTER.

STICK POSTER ON TOP OF IT TO SEAL IT.

THE CHEAPEST WAY TO PRINT A SMALL # OF POSTERS IS XEROX, FOR ALARGE # USE OFFSET

DON'T COVER SOMEONE ELSE'S GRAFFITI.

BE SOME THINGS AS SOME ONE TO CALL UP AN ARRESTED

GRAFFITI IS A CRIME AGAINST PROPERTY NOT PEOPLE SO MAKE IT CRIPPLING.

REVOL

LIKE INSIDE PHONE BOOTHS OR ACROSS FROM A BUS STOP

WORK IN GROUPS WITH ONE PERSON AS LOOK-OUT

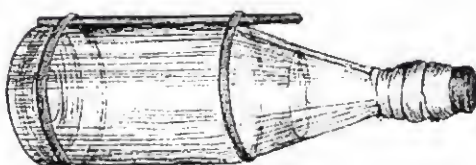
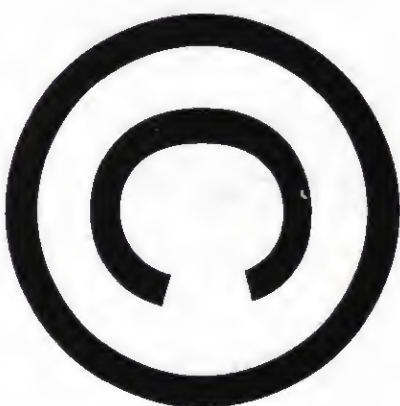
PLAN - A.M. IS FINEST TIME FOR CHANGING AT 5 A.M.

DO NOT GET TOO CONSPICUOUS

DRY GUN GLUE STICKS

A STENCIL IS A PIECE OF BOARD WITH HOLES CUT IN IT. BY SPRAYING THROUGH THE HOLES AN IMAGE IS CREATED. AN EXAMPLE: THE STENCIL SHOULD BE TAPED TO THE SURFACE THE CAN ABOUT 1 FT. AWAY.

34



Copyright Infringement is your best entertainment Value.



147

A good Song

Sometimes I get a good song stuck in my head.
-And it gets worse only
And then I have to write a better poem;
probably better than this piece of horse's shit,
but then I don't really know yet.

That's the only way to stop singing.

They come all out either a little crude;
or more often, very very morbid.

talents and a

Really poignant imagery of red lips
Or cold blue eyes, or bright orange hair.
-- People's bodies always have gotten some kind
of color mixed up in them that isn't actually
there.

Some purely fantastic color that doesn't belong
but they think it does.

Lips are really the stale, pinkish color of unexcited genitals
Eyes have always gotten some kind of dulling accumulation on them
like dust in thick coats on a lampshade,
And human hair is no more bright or orange than
sandy mud

or muddy wheat.

a haggard-look

So, those song-stopping poems probably aren't any better
than this piece of horse's shit.
And now I know it.

That's the only way to stop singing.

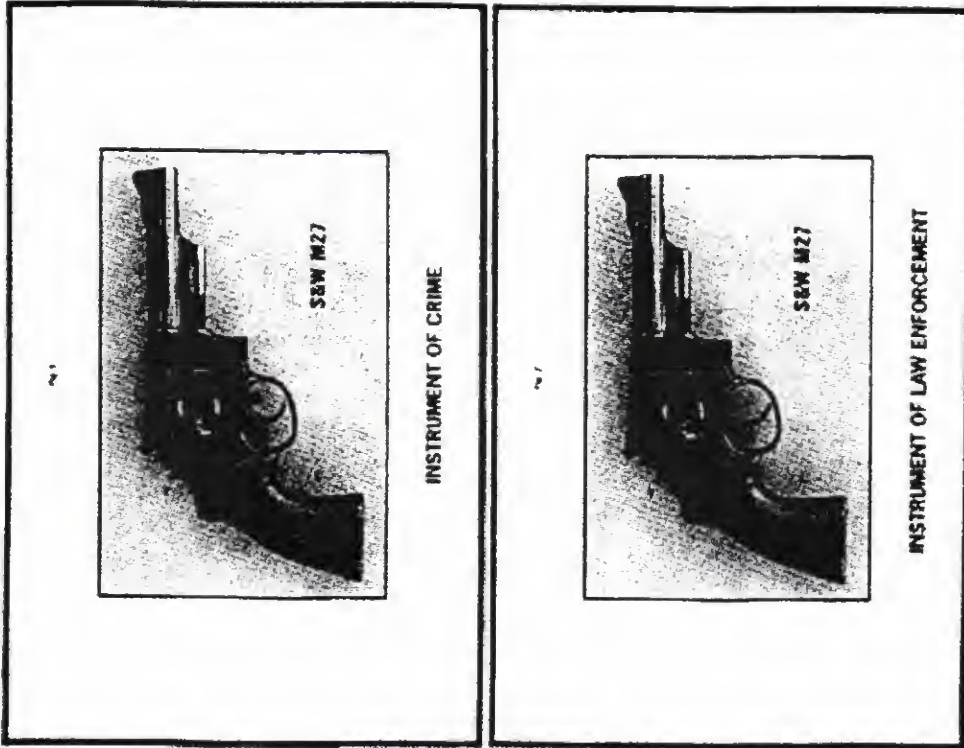
of Paris's me
as its panhandl

Exit par numero

146

35

← (empty) →



CHARLES BUKOWSKI

(36)

love & fame & death

it sits outside my window now
like an old woman going to market;
it sits and watches me,
it sweats nervously
through wire and fog and dog-bark
until suddenly
I slam the screen with a newspaper
like slapping at a fly
and you could hear the scream
over this plain city,
and then it left.

the way to end a poem
like this
is to become suddenly
quiet.

my father

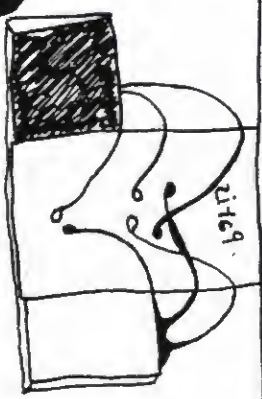
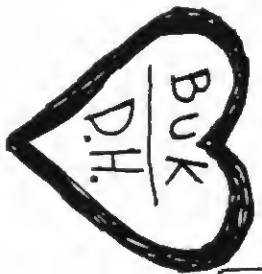
he carried a piece of
carbon, a blade and a whip
and at night he
feared his head
and covered it with blankets
until one morning in Los Angeles
it snowed
and I saw the snow
and I knew that my father
could control nothing,
and when
I got somewhat larger
and took my first boxcar
out, I sat there in
the lime
the burning lime
of having nothing
moving into the desert
for the first time
I sang.

Taken from "Burning in
water, Drowning in flame"

I liked Him

Charles Bukowski

I liked D.H. Lawrence
He could get so indignant
He snapped and he ripped
With wonderfully energetic sentences
He could lay the word down
Bright and writhing
There was the stink of blood and murder
And sacrifice about him
The only tenderness he allowed
Was when he bedded down his large German wife.
I liked D.H. Lawrence—
He could talk about Christ
Like he was the man next door
And he could describe Australian taxi drivers
So well you hated them
I liked D.H. Lawrence
But I'm glad I never met him
In some bistro
Him lifting his tiny hot cup of tea
And looking at me
With his worm-hole eyes.



(145)

How beastly the bourgeois is

D.H. Lawrence

How beastly the bourgeois is
especially: the male of the species—

Presentable eminently presentable—
shall I make you a present of him?

Isn't he handsome? Isn't he healthy? Isn't he a fine specimen?
Doesn't he look the fresh clean Englishman, outside?
Isn't it God's own image? Tramping his thirty miles a day
after partridges, or a little rubber ball?
Wouldn't you like to be like that, well off, and quite the thing?

Oh, but wait!
Let him meet a new emotion, let him be faced with another man's need,
let him come home to a bit of moral difficulty, let life face him with a new demand on
his understanding and then watch him go soggy, like a wet meringue.
Watch him turn into a mess either a fool or a bully.
Just watch the display of him, confronted with a new demand on his intelligence,
a new life demand.

How beastly the bourgeois is
especially the male of the species—

Nicely groomed, like a mushroom
standing there so sleek and erect and eyeable—
and like a fungus, living on the remains of a bygone life
sucking his life out of the dead leaves of greater life than his own.

And even so, he's stale; he's been there too long.
Touch him, and you'll find he's all gone inside
Just like an old mushroom, all wormy inside, and hollow under a smooth skin and
upright appearance.

Full of seething, wormy, hollow feelings
Rather nasty—
How beastly the bourgeois is!

Standing in their thousands, these appearances, in damp England
What a pity they can't all be kicked over
Like sickening toadstools, and left to melt back, swiftly into the soil of
England.

IV: a monologue

Did you ever have that feeling? - Haha, I don't know. I can't even explain it. - Its just like- it feels like- everything is alright in the world. Nobody's bombing anybody, nobody's fighting anybody... nobody's crying. Nobody. Haha, I did. I do.

I've known this kid- this boy- this man- for oh, about two years now. I guess I've always kind of- sort of- maybe- okay I've always liked him. Shut up! I'm allowed to! I always thought of him as attractive, but it was just- never brought to the surface, you know? Until last night. I hadn't seen him for about three months, and he came to visit me. You don't have any idea how happy I was. You really, really don't. We were sitting in my basement- sitting on the couch, not next to each other- not close to each other. Then he might know. He might find out- I could never let that happen. So we were listening to one of his CDs- he has really great taste- he has really excellent taste- he has really awesome taste in music. I don't remember what the song was, or who it was- but I remember it was really pretty- really pretty.

And it was in D minor. He was talking about how rare it was to hear a really pretty song in D minor. I don't know much- I don't know anything about that stuff, so I just listened to- to his voice. Yah. So the CD ended and both of us got up to turn it off, and there was a strange- an awkward silence. I started nervously talking and stuttering about something- I don't know, just about what happened that day. And he didn't- he didn't respond- except he came up really close to me and made it- made me so I was between him and the wall. He put his hands on my hips, and I- I put mine on his, but then I came to my senses and pulled them off. He still didn't respond, - all his did was read the CD jacket he was holding in his hand. He's significantly taller than me, so I started to instinctively stand on my toes to kiss him, but, again, I came to my senses and slid down. He was so- he was so beautiful- like this intangible object that was two inches away from me. I liked that. All I could say was, "I missed you" under my breath. He chuckled and gave this smile that- that filled my entire being with this warm coating- like melted chocolate in twenty below weather. He smiled. Then he bent down and kissed the bridge of my nose. I couldn't stop smiling, he probably thought I was crazy but- I just couldn't stop smiling. Then he- he bent down again and he kissed me lips three times. And they weren't stolen, or wet or disgusting or open or anything like that- it was just three little kisses.

And for one moment- just one- everything was alright in the world. Nobody was bombing anybody, nobody was fighting anybody... nobody was crying. Nobody. Nobody even existed. I didn't exist, he didn't exist, nobody existed. It was just- serenity

And then I woke up.

-Liz Bryan



YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS
YOU

Hooray for ignorant, racist propaganda!

**LET'S BOMB
THE HELL
OUT OF
LIBERIA**

*... before
they hurt
themselves!*

in a hellhole like Liberia, when they could be playing video games in air-conditioned... splendor like kids whose ancestors stuck it out here. So I say any one of the former slaves who can admit he made a big mistake by going to Liberia ought to

I be allowed to come back home to Alabama, Mississippi or any other state he wants.

Ed Anger

Ripped from the Weekly World News.

Ed says...

I'M Madder than Tarzan in a pink loincloth at how those whining jungle savages in Liberia blame America 'cause they can't stop killing each other!

Not long ago, these blowdart-shooting vahoos had the gall to dump a bunch of bloody dead bodies in front of the U.S. Embassy, chanting "If you had intervened, this wouldn't be happening." The reason for the hissy fit? President Bush hadn't sent any troops over to clean up their mess yet.

Well I have a solution, folks: Let's bomb Liberia till those idiots spit out their fancy lip disks and the bones come flying right out of their noses!

Oh sure, we COULD send troops in to "help," wait until the natives turn against us and we have another Black Hawk Down situation like in Somalia, with a bunch of blood-thirsty maniacs dragging our dead soldiers through the streets naked — and end up having to kill the locals wholesale. Or we can cut to the chase and just start dropping the bombs now.

I guarantee, after a couple weeks of carpet-bombing with good ol' daisy cutters, those bonogo-drum-beating jerks will never criticize America again and all we'll ever hear from 'em is "Yes, Bwana. No, Bwana."

A lot of folks at my church keep wringing their hands about the "poor natives" and say we oughta send missionaries over there pronto. Well, these do-gooders need to spend more time watching CNN and less time watching the fishing channel. Every time I turn on the tube, I see a load of these crazy Liberians packed onto a pickup truck, every last one of 'em brandishing an AK-47 and grinning like a gold-durned hyena.

Believe you me, if the limousine liberals who've been telling the president to send our boys into Liberia ran into these same gun-slinging thugs driving through South Central L.A., they'd be on their cell phones in a heartbeat, frantically dialing 911 and begging for a police chopper to airlift them — not fixing to get between two gangs shooting it out, by jinnny.

I realize not everyone is as up on

BOMBS AWAY! These restless natives want us to take care of their mess, and Ed says we should — by blowing 'em right out of the jungle!

their history as yours truly. I happen to know that this Liberia place was founded by former American slaves after the War Between the States.

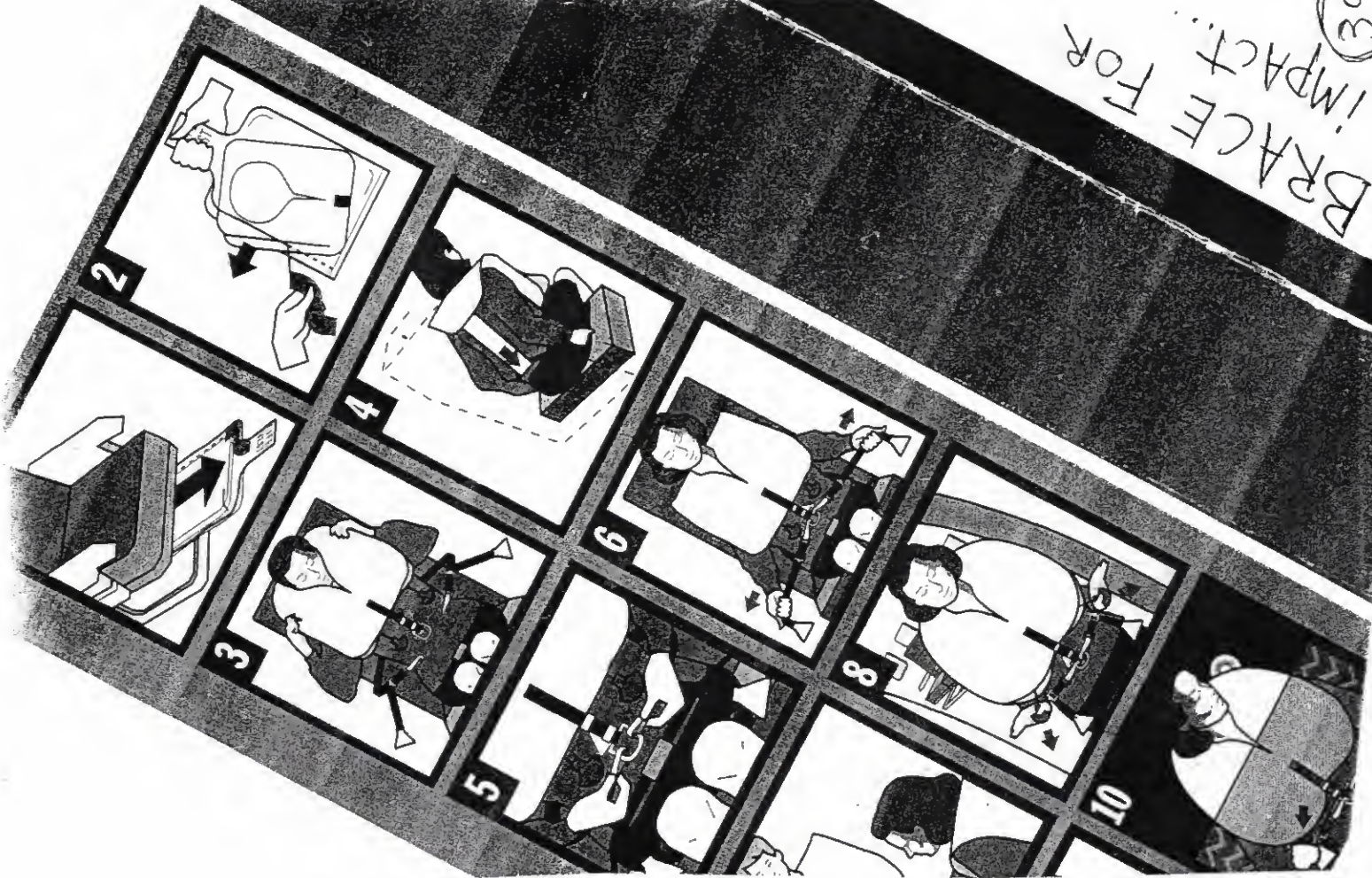
Now, maybe those folks' grandkids are just mad because they're

(Don't bitch at me, I didn't write this)

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS SHIT?

142

BRACE FOR IMPACT... (3)



cerned, there are two. There has been one anarchist tradition—and one might think, say, of Kropotkin as a representative—which had much of the character you describe. On the other hand there's another anarchist tradition that develops into anarcho-syndicalism which simply regarded anarchist ideas as the proper mode of organization for a highly complex advanced industrial society. And that tendency in anarchism merges, or at least inter-relates very closely with a variety of left-wing Marxism, the kind that one finds in, say, the Council Communists that grew up in the Luxemburgian tradition, and that is later represented by Marxist theorists like Anton Panikoff, who developed a whole theory of workers' councils in industry and who is himself a scientist and astronomer, very much part of the industrial world.

So which of these two views is correct? I mean, is it necessary that anarchist concepts belong to the pre-industrial phase of human society, or is anarchism the rational mode of organization for a highly advanced industrial society? Well, I myself believe the latter, that is, I think that industrialization and the advance of technology raise possibilities for self-management over a broad scale that simply didn't exist in an earlier period. And that in fact this is precisely the rational mode for an advanced and complex industrial society, one in which workers can very well become masters of their own immediate affairs, that is, in direction and control of the shop, but also can be in a position to make the major substantive decisions concerning the structure of the economy, concerning social institutions, concerning planning regionally and beyond. At present, institutions do not permit them to have control over the requisite information, and the relevant training to understand these matters. A good deal could be automated. Much of the necessary work that is required to keep a decent level of social life going can be consigned to machines—at least in principle—which means humans can be free to undertake the kind of creative work which may not have been possible, objectively, in the early stages of the industrial revolution.

I'd like to pursue in a moment the question of the economics of an anarchist society, but could you sketch in a little more detail the political constitution of an anarchist society as you would see it, in modern conditions? Would there be political parties, for example? What residual forms of government would in fact remain?

Let me sketch what I think would be perhaps a rough consensus, and one that I think is essentially correct. Beginning with the two modes of immediate organization and control, namely organization and control in the workplace and in the community, one can imagine a network of workers' councils, and at a higher level, representation across the factories, or across branches of industry, or across crafts, and on to general assemblies of workers' councils that can be regional and national and international in character. And from another point of view one can project a system of governance that involves local assemblies—again federated regionally, dealing with regional issues, crossing crafts, industries, trades and so on, and again at the level of the nation or beyond, through federation and so on.



PRIMO MATAJKA

(46)

(135)

human collectivizes advance or decay, live or die, depending on whether solidarity and love, or hatred and struggle, predominate in the community's affairs; indeed, the very existence of any community would not be possible if the social feelings, which I would call the good passions, were not stronger than the bad.

The existence of sentiments of affection and sympathy among mankind, and the experience and awareness of the individual and social advantages which stem from the development of these sentiments, have produced and go on producing concepts of "justice" and "right" and "Morality" which, in spite of a thousand contradictions, lies and hypocrisy serving base interests, constitute a goal, an ideal towards which humanity advances.

This "morality" is fickle and relative; it varies with the times, with different peoples, classes and individuals; people use it to serve their own personal interests and that of their families, class or country. But discarding what, in official "morality", serves to defend the privilege and violence of the ruling class, there is always something left which is in the general interest and is the common achievement of all mankind, irrespective of class and race.

The bourgeoisie in its heroic period, when it still felt itself a part of the people and fought for emancipation, had sublime gestures of love and self-abnegation; and the best among its thinkers and martyrs had the almost prophetic vision of that future of peace, brotherhood and well-being which socialists are struggling for today [1909]. But if altruism and solidarity were among the feelings of the best of them, the germ of individualism (in the sense of struggle between individuals), the principle of struggle (as opposed to solidarity) and the exploitation of man by man, were in the programme of the bourgeoisie and could not but give rise to baneful consequences. Individual property and the principle of authority, in the new disguises of capitalism and parliamentarism, were in that programme and had to lead, as has always been the case, to oppression, misery and the dehumanization of the masses.

And now that the development of capitalism and parliamentarism has borne its fruits, and the bourgeoisie has exhausted every generous sentiment and progressive plan by the practice of political and economic competition, it is reduced to having to defend its privileges with force and deceit, while its philosophers cannot defend it against the socialist attacks except by bringing up, inopportunely, the law of vital competition.

-Malatesta

Now exactly how these would develop and how they would inter-relate and whether you need both of them or only one, well these are matters over which anarchist theoreticians have debated and many proposals exist, and I don't feel confident to take a stand. These are questions which will have to be worked out.

But there would not, for example, be direct national elections and political parties organized from coast to coast, as it were. Because if there were that would presumably create a kind of central authority which would be inimical to the idea of anarchism.

No, the idea of anarchism is that delegation of authority is rather minimal and that its participants at any one of these levels of government should be directly responsive to the organic community in which they live. In fact the optimal situation would be that participation in one of these levels of government should be temporary, and even during the period when it's taking place should be only partial; that is, the members of a workers' council who are for some period actually functioning to make decisions that other people don't have the time to make, should also continue to do their work as part of the workplace or neighborhood community in which they belong.

As for political parties, my feeling is that an anarchist society would not forcefully prevent political parties from arising. In fact, anarchism has always been based on the idea that any sort of Procrustean bed, any system of norms that is imposed on social life will constrain and very much underestimate its energy and vitality and that all sorts of new possibilities of voluntary organization may develop at that higher level of material and intellectual culture. But I think it is fair to say that insofar as political parties are felt to be necessary, anarchist organization of society will have failed. That is, it should be the case, I would think, that where there is direct participation in self-management, in economic and social affairs, then factions, conflicts, differences of interest and ideas and opinion, which should be welcomed and cultivated, will be expressed at every one of these levels. Why they should fall into two, three or political parties, I don't quite see. I think that the complexity of human interest and life does not fall in that fashion. Parties represent basically class interests, and classes would have been eliminated or transcended in such a society.

One last question on the political organization: is there not a danger with this sort of hierarchical tier of assemblies and quasi-governmental structure, without direct elections, that the central body, or the body that is in some sense at the top of this pyramid, would get very remote from the people on the ground; and since it will have to have some powers if it's going to deal with international affairs, for example, and may even have to have control over armed forces and things like that, that it would be less democratically responsive than the existing regime?

It's a very important property of any libertarian society, to prevent an evolution in the direction that you've described, which is a possible evolution, and one that institutions should be designed to prevent. And I think that that's entirely possible. I myself am totally unpersuaded that participation in governance is a full-time job. It may be in an irrational society, where all sorts of prob-

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lems arise because of the irrational nature of institutions. But in a properly functioning advanced industrial society organized along libertarian lines, I would think that executing decisions taken by representative bodies is a part-time job which should be rotated throughout the community and, furthermore, should be undertaken by people who at all times continue to be participants in their own direct activity.

It may be that governance is itself a function on a par with, say, steel production. If that turns out to be true—and I think that is a question of empirical fact that has to be determined, it can't be projected out of the mind—but if it turns out to be true then it seems to me the natural suggestion is that governance should be organized industrially, as simply one of the branches of industry, with their own workers' councils and their own self-governance and their own participation in broader assemblies.

I might say that in the workers' councils that have spontaneously developed here and there—for example, in the Hungarian revolution of 1956—that's pretty much what happened. There was, as I recall, a workers' council of State employees who were simply organized along industrial lines as another branch of industry. That's perfectly possible, and it should be or could be a barrier against the creation of the kind of remote coercive bureaucracy that anarchists of course fear.

If you suppose that there would continue to be a need for self-defense, on quite a sophisticated level, I don't see from your description how you would achieve effective control of this system of part-time representative councils at various levels from the bottom up, over an organization as powerful and as necessarily technically sophisticated as, for example, the Pentagon.

Well, first we should be a little clearer about terminology. You refer to the Pentagon, as is usually done, as a defense organization. In 1947, when the National Defense Act was passed, the former War Department—the American department concerned with war which up to that time was called honestly the War Department—had its name changed to the Defense Department. I was a student then and didn't think I was very sophisticated, but I knew and everyone knew that this meant that to whatever extent the American military had been involved in defense in the past—and partially it had been so—this was now over, since it was being called the Defense Department, that meant it was going to be a department of aggression, nothing else.

On the principle of ~~never believe anything until it is officially denied~~.

Right. Sort of on the assumption that Orwell essentially had captured the nature of the modern state. And that's exactly the case. I mean the Pentagon is in no sense a defense department. It has never defended the United States from anyone; it has only served to conduct aggression, and I think that the American people would be much better off without a Pentagon. They certainly don't need it for defense. Its intervention in international affairs has never been—well, you know, never is a strong word, but I think you would be hard put to find a case—certainly it has not been its characteristic pose to support freedom or liberty

History teaches us, daily observation of life around us teaches, that where violence has no place [in human relations] everything is settled in the best possible way, in the best interests of all concerned. But where violence intervenes, injustice, oppression and exploitation invariably triumph.

The fact is that human life is not possible without profiting by the labour of others, and that there are only two ways in which this can be done: either through a fraternal, equalitarian and libertarian association, in which solidarity, consciously and freely expressed unites all mankind; or the struggle of each against the other in which the victors overrule, oppress and exploit the rest....

We want to bring about a society in which men will consider each other as brothers and by mutual support will achieve the greatest well-being and freedom as well as physical and intellectual development for all....

The strongest man is the one who is the least isolated; the most independent is the one who has most contacts and friendships and thereby a wider field for choosing his close collaborators; the most developed man is he who best can, and knows how to, utilise Man's common inheritance as well as the achievements of his contemporaries.

In spite of the rivers of human blood; in spite of the indescribable sufferings and humiliations inflicted; in spite of exploitation and tyranny at the expense of the weakest (by reason of personal, or social, inferiority); in a word, in spite of the struggle and all its consequences, that which in human society represents its vital and progressive characteristics, is the feeling of sympathy, the sense of a common humanity which in normal times, places a limit on the struggle beyond which one cannot venture without rousing deep disgust and widespread disapproval. For what intervenes is morality.

The professional historian of the old school may prefer to present the fruits of his research as sensational events, large-scale conflicts between nations and classes; wars, revolutions, the ins and outs of diplomacy and conspiracies; but what is really much more significant are the innumerable daily contacts between individuals and between groups which are the true substance of social life. And if one closely examines what happens deep down, in the intimate daily lives of the mass of humanity, one finds that as well as the struggle to snatch better working conditions, the thirst for domination, rivalry, envy and all the unhealthy passions which set man against man, is also valuable work, mutual aid, unceasing and voluntary exchange of services, affection, love, friendship and all that which draws people closer together in brotherhood. And

be advanced. It is of no importance that it may stem from the primitive, physiological fact of the sex act to perpetuate the human species; or the satisfaction to be derived from the company of one's fellow beings; or the advantages to be derived from union in the struggle against the common enemy and in revolt against the common tyrant; or from the desire for leisure, peace and security that even the victors feel a need for; or perhaps for these and a hundred other reasons combined. It exists and it is on its development and growth that we base our hopes for the future of humanity.

"The will of God", "natural laws", "moral laws", the "categorical imperative" of the Kantians, even the "interest clearly understood" of the Utilitarians are all metaphysical fantasies which get one nowhere. They represent the commendable desire of the human mind to want to explain everything, to want to get to the bottom of things, and could be accepted as provisional hypotheses for further research, were they not, in most cases, the human tendency of never wanting to admit ignorance and preferring wordy explanations devoid of factual content to simply saying "I don't know."

Whatever the explanations anyone may or may not choose to give, the problem remains intact: one must choose between love and hate, between brotherly co-operation and fratricidal struggle, between "altruism" and "egoism." I

The needs, tastes, aspirations and interests of mankind are neither similar nor naturally harmonious; often they are diametrically opposed and antagonistic. On the other hand, the life of each individual is so conditioned by the life of others that it would be impossible, even assuming it were convenient to do so, to isolate oneself and live one's own life. Social solidarity is a fact from which no one can escape: it can be freely and consciously accepted and in consequence benefit all concerned, or it can be accepted willy-nilly, consciously or otherwise, in which case it manifests itself by the subjection of one to another, by the exploitation of some by others.

A whole host of practical problems arise in our day-to-day lives which can be solved in different ways, but not by all ways at the same time; yet each individual may prefer one solution to another. If an individual or group have the power to impose their preference on others, they will choose the solution which best suits the* interests and tastes, the others will have to submit and sacrifice their wishes. But if no one has the possibility of obliging others to act against their will then, always assuming that it is not possible or considered convenient to adopt more than one solution, one must arrive by mutual concessions at an agreement which best suits everyone and least offends individual interests, tastes and wishes.

or to defend people and so on. That's not the role of the massive military organization that is controlled by the Defense Department. Rather its tasks are two—both quite antisocial.

The first is to preserve an international system in which what are called American interests, which primarily means business interests, can flourish. And secondly, it has an internal economic task. I mean the Pentagon has been the primary Keynesian mechanism whereby the government intervenes to maintain what is ludicrously called the health of the economy by inducing production—that means production of waste.

Now both these functions serve certain interests, in fact dominant interests, dominant class interests in American society. But I don't think in any sense they serve the public interest, and I think that this system of production of waste and of destruction would essentially be dismantled in a libertarian society. Now one shouldn't be too glib about this. If one can imagine, let's say, a social revolution in the United States—that's rather distant, I would assume—but if that took place, it's hard to imagine that there would be any credible enemy from the outside that could threaten that social revolution—we wouldn't be attacked by Mexico or Cuba, let's say. An American revolution would not require, I think, defense against aggression. On the other hand, if a libertarian social revolution were to take place, say, in Western Europe, then I think the problem of defense would be very critical.

~~I was going to say it can't surely be inherent in the anarchist idea that there should be no self-defense, because such anarchist experiments as there have been have, on the record, actually been destroyed from without.~~

Ah, but I think that these questions cannot be given a general answer, they have to be answered specifically, relative to specific historical and objective conditions.

It's just that I found a little difficulty in following your description of the proper democratic control of this kind of organization, because I find it a little hard to see the generals controlling themselves in the manner you would approve of.

That's why I do want to point out the complexity of the issue. It depends on the country and the society that you're talking about. In the United States one kind of problem arises. If there were a libertarian social revolution in Europe, then I think the problems you raise would be very serious, because there would be a serious problem of defense. That is, I would assume that if libertarian socialism were achieved at some level in Western Europe, there would be a direct military threat both from the Soviet Union and from the United States. And the problem would be how that should be countered. That's the problem that was faced by the Spanish revolution. There was direct military intervention by Fascists, by Communists and by liberal democracies in the background, and the question how one can defend oneself against attack at this level is a very serious one.

However, I think we have to raise the question whether centralized standing armies, with high technology deterrents, are the most effective way to do

that. And that's by no means obvious. For example, I don't think that a Western European centralized army would itself deter a Russian or American attack to prevent libertarian socialism—the kind of attack that I would quite frankly expect at some level: maybe not military, at least economic.

But not on the other hand would a lot of peasants with pitchforks and spades.

We're not talking about peasants; we're talking about a highly sophisticated, highly urban industrial society. And it seems to me its best method of defense would be its political appeal to the working class in the countries that were part of the attack. But again, I don't want to be glib; it might need tanks, it might need armies. And if it did, I think we can be fairly sure that that would contribute to the possible failure or at least decline of the revolutionary force—for exactly the reasons that you mentioned. That is, I think it's extremely hard to imagine how an effective centralized army, deploying tanks, planes, strategic weapons and so on, could function. If that's what's required to preserve the revolutionary structures, then I think they may well not be preserved.

If the basic defense is the political appeal, or the appeal of the political and economic organization, perhaps we could look in a little more detail at that.

You wrote, in one of your essays, that "in a decent society, everyone would have the opportunity to find interesting work, and each person would be permitted the fullest possible scope for his talents." And then you went on to ask: "What more would be required in particular, extrinsic reward in the form of wealth and power? Only if we assume that applying one's talents in interesting and socially useful work is not rewarding in itself." I think that that line of reasoning is certainly one of the things that appeals to a lot of people. But it still needs to be explained. I think, why the kind of work which people would find interesting and appealing and fulfilling to do would coincide at all closely with the kind which actually needs to be done, if we're to sustain anything like the standard of living which people demand and are used to.

Well, there's a certain amount of work that just has to be done if we're to maintain that standard of living. It's an open question how onerous that work has to be. Let's recall that science and technology and intellect have not been devoted to examining that question or to overcoming the onerous and self-destructive character of the necessary work of society. The reason is that it has always been assumed that there is a substantial body of wage-slaves who will do it simply because otherwise they'll starve. However, if human intelligence is turned to the question of how to make the necessary work of society itself meaningful, we don't know what the answer will be. My guess is that a fair amount of it can be made entirely tolerable. It's a mistake to think that even back-breaking physical labor is necessarily onerous. Many people—myself included—do it for relaxation. Well recently, for example, I got it into my head to plant thirty-four trees in a meadow behind the house, on the State Conservation Commission, which means I had to dig thirty-four holes in the sand. You know, for me, and what I do with my time mostly, that's pretty hard work, but I have to admit I enjoyed it. I wouldn't have enjoyed it if I'd had work norms, if I'd had an overseer, and if I'd been ordered to do it at a certain moment, and so on. On the other-

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Mutual Aid - an essay

By Errico Malatesta

(from MALATESTA: LIFE AND IDEAS, Verne Richards' ed.)

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Since it is a fact that man is a social animal whose existence depends on the continued physical and spiritual relations between

human beings, these relations must be based either on affinity, solidarity and love, or on hostility and struggle. If each individual thinks only of his well being, or perhaps that of his small consanguinary or territorial group, he will obviously find himself in conflict with others, and will emerge as victor or vanquished; as the oppressor if he wins, as the oppressed if he loses. Natural harmony, the natural marriage of the good of each with that of all, is the invention of human laziness, which rather than struggle to achieve what it wants assumes that it will be achieved spontaneously, by natural law. In reality, however, natural Man is spontaneously in a state of continuous conflict with his fellows in his quest for the best, and healthiest site, the most fertile land, and in time, to exploit the many and varied opportunities that social life creates for some or for others. For this reason human history is full of violence, wars, carnage (besides the ruthless exploitation of the labour of others) and innumerable tyrannies and slavery.

If in the human spirit there had only existed this harsh instinct of wanting to predominate and to profit at the expense of others, humanity would have remained in its barbarous state and the development of order as recorded in history, or in our own times, would not have been possible. This order even at its worst, always represents a kind of tempering of the tyrannical spirit with a minimum of social solidarity, indispensable for a more civilised and progressive life.

But fortunately there exists in Man another feeling which draws him closer to his neighbour, the feeling of sympathy, tolerance, of love, and, thanks to it, mankind became more civilised, and from it grew our idea which aims at making society a true gathering of brothers and friends all working for the common good.

How the feeling arose which is expressed by the so-called moral precepts and which, as it develops, denies the existing morality and substitutes a higher morality, is a subject for research which may interest philosophers and sociologists, but it does not detract from the fact that it exists, independently of the explanations which may

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hand, if it's a task taken on just out of interest, fine, that can be done. And that's without any technology, without any thought given to how to design the work, and so on.

I put it to you that there may be a danger that this view of things is a rather romantic delusion, entertained only by a small elite of people who happen, like professors, perhaps journalists and so on, to be in the very privileged situation of being paid to do what anyway they like to do.

That's why I began with a big 'If.' I said we first have to ask to what extent the necessary work of society—namely, that work which is required to maintain the standard of living that we want—needs to be onerous and undesirable. I think the answer is, much less than it is today; but let's assume there is some extent to which it remains onerous. Well, in that case, the answer's quite simple: that work has to be equally shared among people capable of doing it.

And everyone spends a certain number of months a year working on an auto-mobile, production line and a certain number of months collecting the garbage and...

If it turns out that these are really tasks which people will find no self-fulfillment in. Incidentally I don't quite believe that. As I watch people work, craftsmen, let's say, automobile mechanics for example, I think one often finds a good deal of pride in work. I think that that kind of pride in work well done, in complicated work well done, because it takes thought and intelligence to do it, especially when one is also involved in management of the enterprise, determination of how the work will be organized, what it is for, what the purposes of the work are, what'll happen to it and so on—I think all of this can be satisfying and rewarding activity which in fact requires skills, the kind of skills people will enjoy exercising. However, I'm thinking hypothetically now. Suppose it turns out that there is some residue of work which really no one wants to do, whatever that may be—okay, then I say that the residue of work must be equally shared, and beyond that people will be free to exercise their talents as they see fit.

I put it to you, Professor, that if that residue were very large, as some people would say it was, if it accounted for the work involved in producing ninety per cent of what we all want to consume—then the organization of sharing this, on the basis that everybody did a little bit of all the nasty jobs, would become wildly inefficient. Because after all, you have to be trained and equipped to do even the nasty jobs, and the efficiency of the whole economy would suffer and therefore the standard of living which it sustained would be reduced.

Well, for one thing, this is really quite hypothetical, because I don't believe that the figures are anything like that. As I say, it seems to me that if human intelligence were devoted to asking how technology can be designed to fit the needs of the human producer, instead of conversely—that is, now we ask how the human being with his special properties can be fitted into a technological system designed for other ends, namely production for profit—my feeling is that if that were done, we would find that the really unwanted work is far smaller than you suggest. But whatever it is, notice that we have two alternatives. One alternative is to have it equally shared, the other is to design social institutions so that some

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People who have nice jobs live longer.

People who are satisfied with their jobs. And I think that makes a good deal of sense, you know, because that's where you spend your life, that's where your creative activities are. Now what leads to job satisfaction? Well, I think many things lead to it, and the knowledge that you are doing something useful for the community is an important part of it. Many people who are satisfied with their work are people who feel that what they're doing is important to do. They can be teachers, they can be doctors; they can be scientists, they can be craftsmen, they can be farmers. I mean, I think the feeling that what one is doing is important, is worth doing, contributes to those with whom one has social bonds, is a very significant factor in one's personal satisfaction.

And over and above that there is the pride and the self-fulfillment that comes from a job well done—from simply taking your skills and putting them to use. Now I don't see why that should in any way harm, in fact I should think it would enhance, the value of what's produced.

But let's imagine still that at some level it does harm. Well okay, at that point the society, the community, has to decide how to make compromises. Each individual is both a producer and a consumer, after all, and that means that each individual has to join in those socially determined compromises—if in fact there are compromises. And again I feel the nature of the compromise is much exaggerated because of the distorting prism of the really coercive and personally destructive system in which we live.

All right, you say the community has to make decisions about compromises, and of course Communist theory provides for this in its whole thinking about national planning, decisions about investment, direction of investment, and so forth. An anarchist society it would seem that you're not willing to provide for that amount of governmental superstructure that would be necessary to make the plans, make the investment decisions, to decide whether you give priority to what people want to consume, or whether you give priority to the work people want to do.

I don't agree with that. It seems to me that anarchist, or, for that matter, left-Marxist structures, based on systems of workers' councils and federations, provide exactly the set of levels of decision-making at which decisions can be made about a national plan. Similarly, State socialist societies also provide a level of decision making—let's say the nation—in which national plans can be produced. There's no difference in that respect. The difference has to do with participation in those decisions and control over those decisions. In the view of anarchists and left-Marxists—like the workers' councils or the Council Communists, who were left-Marxists—those decisions are made by the informed working class through their assemblies and their direct representatives, who live among them and work among them. In the State socialist systems, the national plan is made by a national bureaucracy, which accumulates to itself all relevant information, makes decisions, offers them to the public, and occasionally every few years comes before the public and says, 'You can pick me or you can pick

fines himself. If man, as the existentialist conceives him, is indefinable, it is because at first he is nothing. Only afterward will he be something, and he himself will have made what he will be. Thus, there is no human nature, since there is no God to conceive it. Not only is man what he conceives himself to be, but he is also only what he wills himself to be after this thrust toward existence.

Man is nothing else but what he makes of himself. Such is the first principle of existentialism. It is also what is called subjectivity, the name we are labeled with when charges are brought against us. But what do we mean by this, if not that man has a greater dignity than a stone or table? For we mean that man first exists, that is, that man first of all is the being who hurts himself toward a future and who is conscious of imagining himself as being in the future. Man is at the start a plan which is aware of itself, rather than a patch of moss, a piece of garbage, or a cauliflower; nothing exists prior to this plan; there is nothing in heaven; man will be what he will have planned to be. Not what he will want to be. Because by the word "will" we generally mean a conscious decision, which is subsequent to what we have already made of ourselves. I may want to belong to a political party, write a book, get married; but all that is only a manifestation of an earlier, more spontaneous choice that is called "will." But if existence really does precede essence, man is responsible for what he is. Thus, existentialism's first move is to make every man aware of what he is and to make the full responsibility of his existence rest on him. And when we say that a man is responsible for himself, we do not only mean that he is responsible for his own individuality, but that he is responsible for all men.

The word subjectivism has two meanings, and our op-

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thought of as a superior sort of artisan. Whatever doctrine we may be considering, whether one like that of Descartes or that of Leibniz, we always grant that will more or less follows understanding or, at the very least, accompanies it, and that when God creates He knows exactly what He is creating. Thus, the concept of man in the mind of God is comparable to the concept of a paper-cutter in the mind of the manufacturer, and, following certain techniques and a conception, God produces man, just as the artisan, following a definition and a technique, makes a paper-cutter. Thus, the individual man is the realization of a certain concept in the divine intelligence.

In the eighteenth century, the atheism of the *philosophers* discarded the idea of God, but not so much for the notion that essence precedes existence. To a certain extent, this idea is found everywhere; we find it in Diderot, in Voltaire, and even in Kant. Man has a human nature; this human nature, which is the concept of the human, is found in all men, which means that each man is a particular example of a universal concept, man. In Kant, the result of this universality is that the wild-man, the natural man, as well as the bourgeois, are circumscribed by the same definition and have the same basic qualities. Thus, here too the essence of man precedes the historical existence that we find in nature.

Atheistic existentialism, which I represent, is more coherent. It states that if God does not exist, there is at least one being in whom existence precedes essence, a being who exists before he can be defined by any concept, and that this being is man, or, as Heidegger says, human reality. What is meant here by saying that existence precedes essence? It means that, first of all, man exists, turns up, appears on the scene, and, only afterwards, de-

him, but we're all part of this remote bureaucracy.' These are the poles, these are the polar opposites within the socialist tradition.

So in fact there's a very considerable role for the State and possibly, even for civil servants, for bureaucracy, but it's the control over it that is different.

Well, you see, I don't really believe that we need a separate bureaucracy to carry out governmental decisions.

You need various forms of expertise.

Oh yes, but let's take expertise with regard to economic planning, because certainly in any complex industrial society there should be a group of technicians whose task is to produce plans, and to lay out the consequences of decisions, to explain to the people who have to make the decisions that if you decide this, you're going to likely get this consequence, because that's what your programming model shows, and so on. But the point is that those planning systems are themselves industries, and they will have their workers' councils and they will be part of the whole council system, and the distinction is that these planning systems do not make decisions. They produce plans in exactly the same way that automakers produce autos. The plans are then available for the workers' council and council assemblies, in the same way that autos are available to ride in. Now of course what this does require is an informed and educated working class. But that's precisely what we are capable of achieving in advanced industrial societies.

How far does the success of libertarian socialism or anarchism really depend on a fundamental change in the nature of man, both in his motivation, his altruism and also in his knowledge and sophistication?

I think it not only depends on it but in fact the whole purpose of libertarian socialism is that it will contribute to it. It will contribute to a spiritual transformation—precisely that kind of great transformation in the way humans conceive of themselves and their ability to act, to decide, to create, to produce, to enquire—precisely that spiritual transformation that social thinkers from the left-Marxist traditions, from Luxembourg say, through anarcho-syndicalists, have always emphasized. So on the one hand it requires that spiritual transformation. On the other hand, its purpose is to create institutions which will contribute to that transformation in the nature of work, the nature of creative activity, simple in social bonds among people, and through this interaction of creating institutions which permit new aspects of human nature to flourish. And then the building of still further libertarian institutions to which these liberated human beings can contribute: this is the evolution of socialism as I understand it.

And finally, Professor Chomsky, what do you think of the chances of socialist along these lines coming into being in the major industrial countries in the West in the next quarter of a century or so?

I don't think I'm wise enough, or informed enough, to make prediction and I think predictions about such poorly-understood matters probably generally reflect personality more than judgment. But I think this much at least we can say: there are obvious tendencies in industrial capitalism towards concentration of power in narrow economic empires and in what is increasingly becoming

totalitarian state. These are tendencies that have been going on for a long time, and I don't see anything stopping them really. I think those tendencies will continue; they're part of the stagnation and decline of capitalist institutions.

Now it seems to me that the development towards state totalitarianism and towards economic concentration—and of course they are linked—will continually lead to revulsion, to efforts of personal liberation and to organizational efforts at social liberation. And that'll take all sorts of forms. Throughout all Europe, in one form or another, there is a call for what is sometimes called worker participation or co-determination, or even sometimes worker control. Now most of these efforts are minimal. I think that they're misleading, in fact may even undermine efforts for the working class to liberate itself. But in part they're responsive to a strong intuition and understanding that coercion and oppression, whether by private economic power or by the State bureaucracy, is by no means a necessary feature of human life. And the more those concentrations of power and authority continue, the more we will see revulsion against them and efforts to organize and overthrow them. Sooner or later they'll succeed, I hope.



for scandal and flurry turn to this philosophy which in other respects does not at all serve their purposes in this sphere.

Actually, it is the least scandalous, the most austere of doctrines. It is intended strictly for specialists and philosophers. Yet it can be defined easily. What complicates matters is that there are two kinds of existentialists; first, those who are Christian, among whom I would include Jaspers and Gabriel Marcel, both Catholic; and on the other hand the atheistic existentialists among whom I class Heidegger, and then the French existentialists and myself. What they have in common is that they think that existence precedes essence, or, if you prefer, that subjectivity must be the starting point.

Just what does that mean? Let us consider some object that is manufactured, for example, a book or a paper-cutter: here is an object which has been made by an artisan whose inspiration came from a concept. He referred to the concept of what a paper-cutter is and likewise to a known method of production, which is part of the concept, something which is, by and large, a routine. Thus, the paper-cutter is at once an object produced in a certain way and, on the other hand, one having a specific use; and one can not postulate a man who produces a paper-cutter but does not know what it is used for. Therefore, let us say that, for the paper-cutter, essence—that is, the ensemble of both the production routines and the properties which enable it to be both produced and defined—precedes existence. Thus, the presence of the paper-cutter or book in front of me is determined. Therefore, we have here a technical view of the world whereby it can be said that production precedes existence.

When we conceive God as the Creator, He is generally

"One does NOT OFFER an ethics to A God."

-His Lifemate

is pretty sad—finds us even sadder. Yet, what can be more disillusioning than saying "true charity begins at home" or "a scoundrel will always return evil for good"?

We know the commonplace remarks made when this subject comes up, remarks which always add up to the same thing: we shouldn't struggle against the powers-that-be; we shouldn't resist authority; we shouldn't try to rise above our station; any action which doesn't conform to authority is romantic; any effort not based on past experience is doomed to failure; experience shows that man's bent is always toward trouble, that there must be a strong hand to hold him in check, if not, there will be anarchy. There are still people who go on mumbling these melancholy old saws, the people who say, "It's only human!" whenever a more or less repugnant act is pointed out to them, the people who glut themselves on *chansons réalistes*; these are the people who accuse existentialism of being too gloomy, and to such an extent that I wonder whether they are complaining about it, not for its pessimism, but much rather its optimism. Can it be that what really scares them in the doctrine I shall try to present here is that it leaves to man a possibility of choice? To answer this question, we must re-examine it on a strictly philosophical plane. What is meant by the term *existentialism*?

Most people who use the word would be rather embarrassed if they had to explain it, since, now that the word is all the rage, even the work of a musician or painter is being 'called existentialist. A gossip columnist in *Clarke's* signs himself *The Existentialist*, so that by this time the word has been so stretched and has taken on so broad a meaning, that it no longer means anything at all. It seems that for want of an advanced-guard doctrine analogous to surrealism, the kind of people who are eager

Get ORGANIZED.



← (empty) →



Windowless, and with only one well-greased door, the Factory stands like a colossus over the hundred thousand Workers who file in each day. One would think that this parade would be quite time-consuming; one does not take into consideration the efficiency of those whose sole purpose and desire is to arrive at a building at nine o'clock each day.

It is an assembly line for spaceships which none of the Workers will ever see. The factory's finished products are four thousand and five hundred separate pieces, mostly bolts and the strips of metal in which they fit, which are then sent to another factory.

Each piece is to be made perfect, to the micron, as specified in the Instructions, with penalty of immediate dismissal, and the successive poverty, homelessness, and eventual death which will ensue.

Upon arrival, each Worker is to move promptly to his or her post, and at nine fifteen the Machine commences. Anyone late or otherwise not present is dismissed, and a replacement is immediately selected.

The unemployed fight and gamble in the street outside the factory, waiting for another Worker to die.

And somewhere, a boy and girl share their first kiss.

-Zachary German

(58)



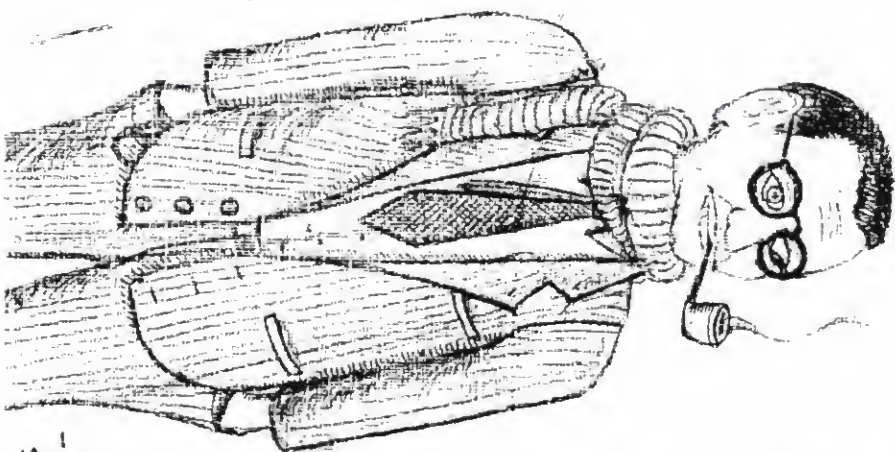
Jean Paul
Sartre ... Excerpt

from

"The Humanism of
Existentialism"

(123)

»...As is generally known, the basic charge against us is that we put the emphasis on the dark side of human life. Someone recently told me of a lady who, when she let slip a vulgar word in a moment of irritation, excused herself by saying, "I guess I'm becoming an existentialist." Consequently, existentialism is regarded as something ugly; that is why we are said to be naturalists; and if we are, it is rather surprising that in this day and age we cause so much more alarm and scandal than does naturalism, properly so called. The kind of person who can take in his stride such a novel as Zola's *The Earth* is disgusted as soon as he starts reading an existentialist novel; the kind of person who is resigned to the wisdom of the ages—which



-DRAWING BY
Subcomandante Ruppola





The child's situation is characterized by his finding himself cast into a universe which he has not helped to establish, which has been fashioned without him, and which appears to him as an absolute to which he can only submit. In his eyes human inventions, words, customs, and values are given facts, as inevitable as the sky and the trees. This means that the world in which he lives is a serious world, since the characteristic of the spirit of seriousness is to consider values as ready-made things...

There are beings whose life slips by in an infantile world because having been kept in a state of servitude & ignorance, they have no means of breaking the ceiling which is stretched over their heads. Like the child, they can exercise their freedom, but only within this universe which has been set up before the without them.

The fact is that it is very rare for the infantile world to maintain itself beyond adolescence. From childhood on, flaws begin to be revealed in it. With astonishment, revolt, and disrespect the child little by little asks himself, why must I act this way? What good is it? And what will happen if I act in another way? He discovers his subjectivity; he discovers the subjectivity of others... It is incomprehensible that it is hard for him to live this moment of his history, and this is doubtless the deepest reason for the crisis of adolescence;

The individual must at last assume his subjectivity.

— Simone de Beauvoir

69

AGAINST ME!

"WALKING IS STILL HONEST"

Dear mother, this is just survival. Can't promise your children everything, but you won't lie so they can sleep tonight. Defeat tasted nothing like you said, still 22 days left till the end of the world. My legacy was making you a man. For a justice I could not change. This is one voice not to forget. Fight every fight like you can win. An Iron fist'd champion, an iron willed fuck up. Can anybody tell me why god won't speak to me. Why Jesus never called on me to part the fucking sea. Why death is easier than living. You can be almost anything when you're on your fucking knees. Not today, not my son, not my family. Not while walking is still honest and you haven't given up on me. Dear shithead this isn't happening, the sky is really falling, the paints all made of lead. There's asbestos in the walls, hell's coming to rip off the doors to your priveleged heaven. Do you want to love and feel it? You can look but you can't taste it. You can reach but you'll never have it. We are untouchable, untouchable is something to be.

"We are strong believers in the power of DANCE."


Par quel
voit
ouper on
les fleurs?

Par quel
voit
oublie on
la mort?

on patron
st le
atrontont
un'as
as besoin.

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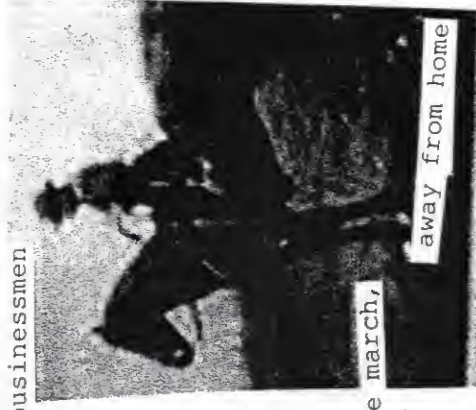
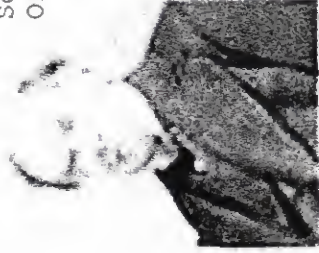


Any Ballot is a Com,
 For it asks only WHOM you would
 'Like' to rule over you,
 And NOT whether or Not
 you would like to be ruled
 over at ALL! 

written by
 number

A flag, in the cold
 February wind

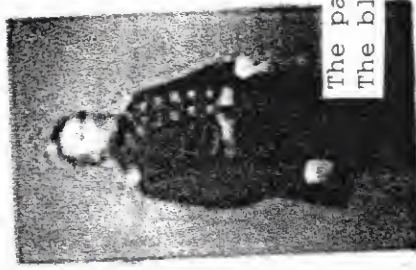
Sounds like a horde
 Of businessmen



On the march,

away from home

Families forgotten



The pace is quick
 The blood is thick

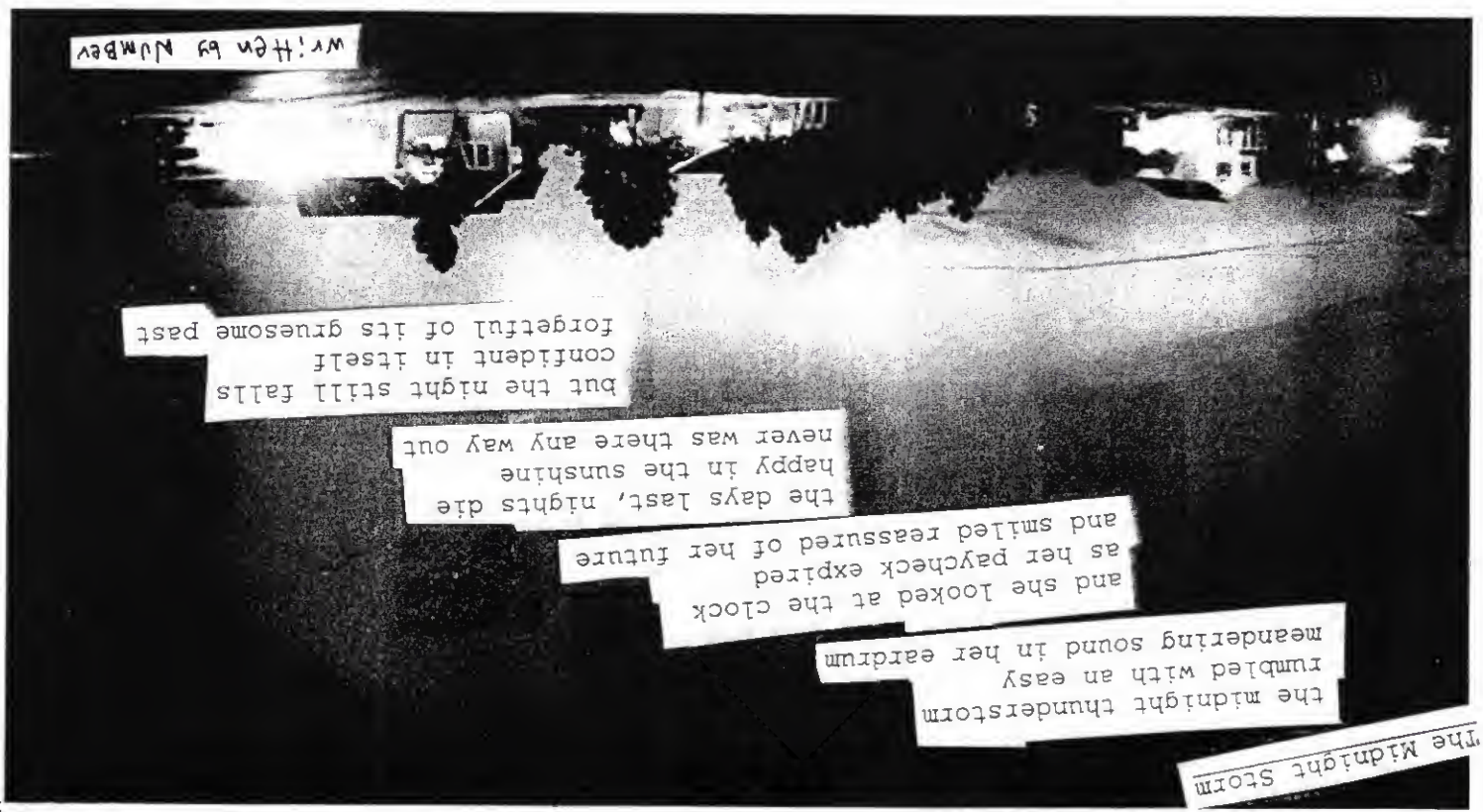


Caked on chapped
 And swollen lips





photo ntk



written by Numbay

but the night still falls
confident in itself
forgetful of its gruesome past

the days last, nights die
happy in the sunshine
never was there any way out

and she looked at the clock
as her paycheck expired
and smiled reassured of her future

the midnight thunderstorm
rumbled with an easy
meandering sound in her eardrum

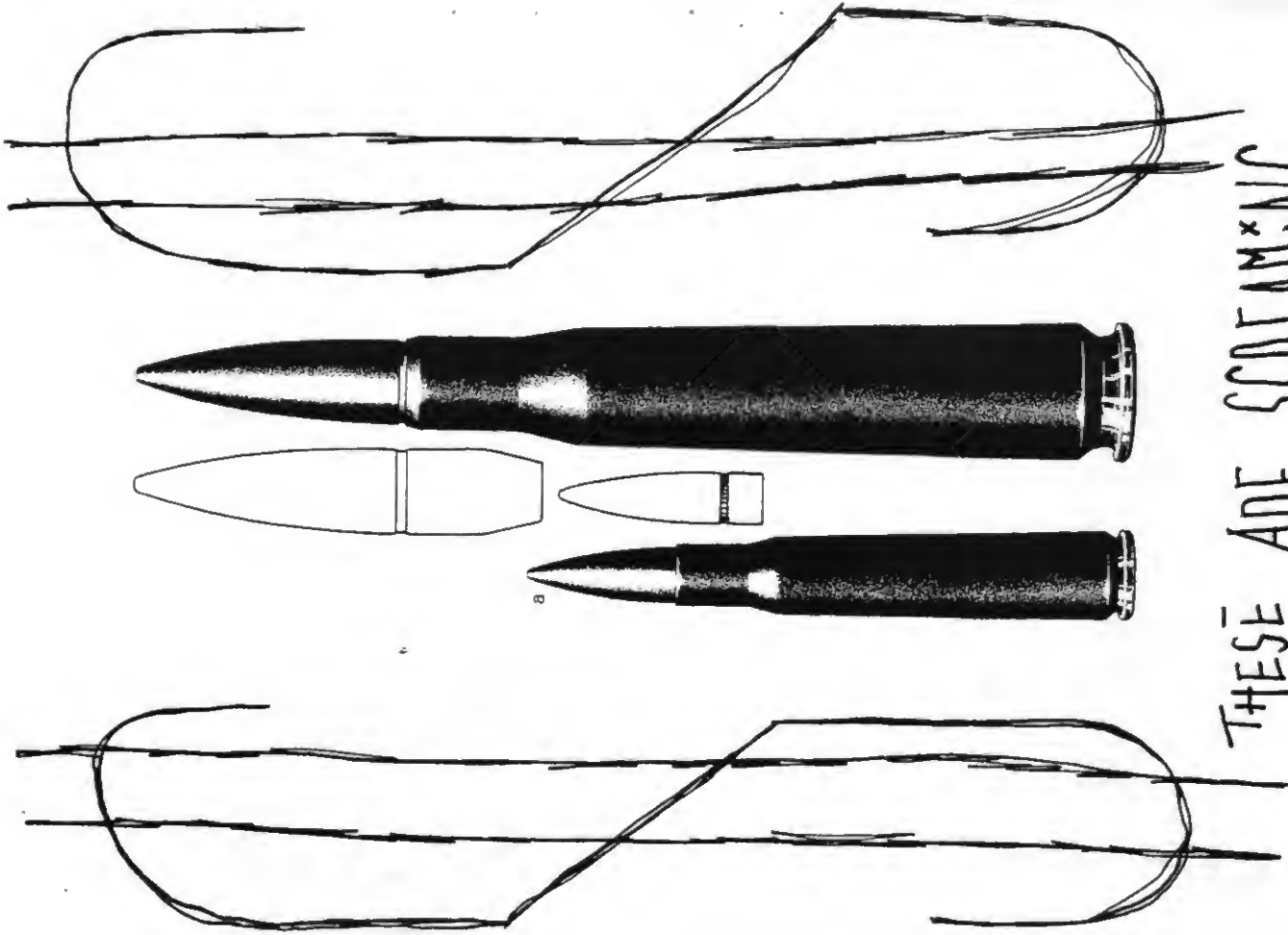
The Midnight Storm

← (empty) →

the tragedy of the leaves

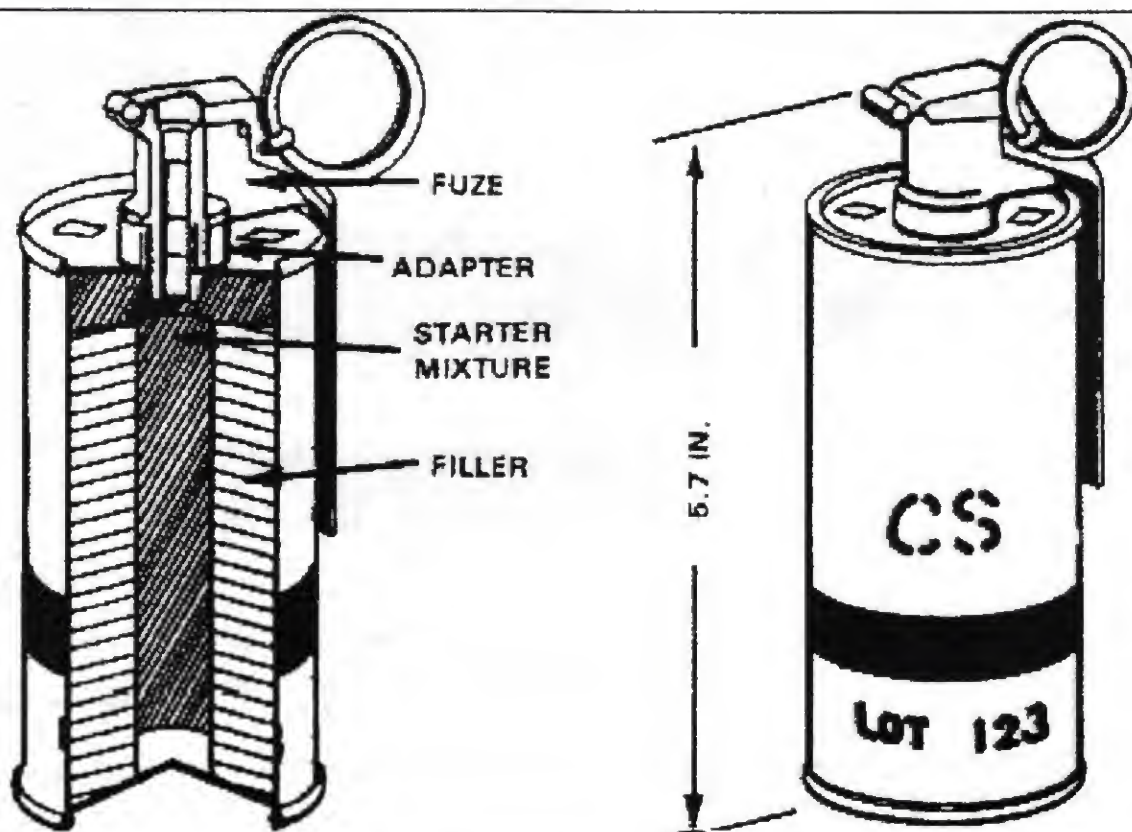
I awakened to dryness and the ferns were dead,
the potted plants yellow as corn;
my woman was gone
and the empty bottles like bled corpses
surrounded me with their uselessness;
the sun was still good, though,
and my landlady's note cracked in fine and
undemanding yellowness; what was needed now
was a good comedian, ancient style, a jester
with jokes upon absurd pain; pain is absurd
because it exists, nothing more;
I shaved carefully with an old razor
the man who had once been young and
said to have genius; but
that's the tragedy of the leaves,
the dead ferns, the dead plants;
and I walked into a dark hall
where the landlady stood
execrating and final,
sending me to hell,
waving her fat, sweaty arms
and screaming
screaming for rent
because the world had failed us
both.

Bukowski



THESE ARE SCREAMING
YOUR NAME
Rich-Man.

64



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Mantra.

Property is theft.
Capitalism is anarchism.
Anarchism is psychosis
The bourgeoisie are a herd of disregard.
Indifference is dull.
Property is theft.

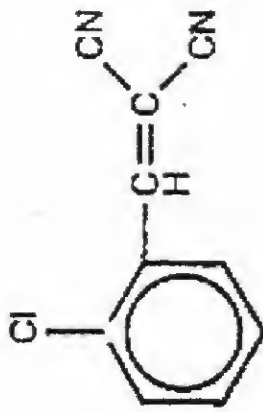
Everybody is the proletariat
Aristocracy is no one.
Everybody is the proletariat
Aristocracy is no one.

Property is theft
Capitalism is anarchism
Anarchism is psychosis
The bourgeoisie are a herd of disregard
Indifference is dull.
Property is theft.

Everybody is the proletariat
Aristocracy is no one
Everybody is the proletariat
Aristocracy is no one.

Vandalism is beautiful.
Concrete is gruesome
Like a wound that never mends
Like rampant lust

There is no left and right.
There is only rich and poor
There is no liberal.
There is no conservative.
There is only the ruler
There is only the ruled



CS

Property is theft
Capitalism is anarchism
Anarchism is psychosis
The bourgeoisie are a herd of disregard
Indifference is dull
Property is theft

I am dull.
I am a thief.
I am anti-self.
I am self-centered.

written by
number

write 1000x until convinced

Saturday, December 06, 2003

I want an igloo
and you
Twenty-five expensive miles
["expensive" and "precious" are separate and independent
of each other]

An igloo in the middle of
rowdy
dowdy
crowdy
highways

Precisely 12.5 miles down the road
from here and there

-Gahl

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A WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Emma Goldman



Types of agent (right) The headings in the table give the four main categories of possible biological warfare agent. Added under each is a list of specific diseases within that class.

Table (right) giving data on a selection of likely biological warfare agents. The availability of vaccine for prevention does not imply 100% effectiveness.

Infectivity High Moderate Low
Transmissibility High Moderate Low
Antibiotic therapy None available
Vaccination Effective None
Under development Available

Disease	Infectivity	Transmissibility	Incubation period (days)	Duration of illness (days)	Mortality	Antibiotic therapy
Encephalitis	High	High	5-15	7-60	1-80%	None
Influenza	High	High	1-3	3-10	1%	None
Yellow fever	High	High	3-6	7-14	5-40%	None
Smallpox	High	High	7-16	12-24	5-60%	None
Epidemic typhus	High	High	6-15	14-60+	10-40%	None
Anthrax	High	High	1-5	3-5	100%	None
Bruceellosis	High	High	7-21	14-60+	2-10%	None
Cholera	High	High	1-5	7-30+	5-75%	None
Pneumonic plague	High	High	2-5	1-2	100%	None
Typhoid fever	High	High	7-21	14-60+	10%	None
Dysentery	High	High	1-3	3-21	2%	None
Bacteria	High	High				
Rickettsiae	High	High				
Viruses	High	High				
Fungi	High	High				
Coccidioidomycosis	High	High				None
Histoplasmosis	High	High				None
Nocardiosis	High	High				None
Encephalitis	High	High				None
Influenza	High	High				None
Smallpox	High	High				None
West Nile fever	High	High				None
Yellow fever	High	High				None
Rocky Mountain spotted fever	High	High				None
Q-fever	High	High				None
African tick-borne fever	High	High				None
Brucellosis	High	High				None
Epidemic typhus	High	High				None
Cholera	High	High				None
Dysentery	High	High				None
Plague	High	High				None
Scrub typhus	High	High				None
Typhoid fever	High	High				None

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THE TITLE IS PERHAPS MISLEADING BECAUSE, IN A TECHNICAL sense, I am not without a country. Legally I am a "subject of His Britannic Majesty." But in a deeper, spiritual sense, I am indeed a woman without a country, as I shall try to make plain in the course of this article.

To have a country implies, first of all, the possession of a certain guarantee of security, the assurance of having some spot you can call your own and that no one can alienate from you. That is the essential significance of the idea of country, of citizenship. Up to the World War citizenship was actually did stand for such a guarantee. Save for an occasional exception in the more backward European countries, the native or naturalized citizen had the certainty that somewhere on this globe he was at home, in his own country, and that no reversals of personal fortune could deprive him of his inherent right to have his being there. Moreover, he was at liberty to visit other lands and wherever the protection of his citizen-ship might be he knew that he enjoyed the protection of his citizen-ship.

But the War has entirely changed the situation. Together with countless lives it also destroyed the fundamental right to be, to exist in a given place with any degree of security. This peculiar and disquieting condition that is quite incredible, nothing short of usurpation of authority now arrogates to itself the power to determine what person may or may not continue to live within its boundaries, with the result that thousands, even hundreds of thousands, are literally expatriated. Compelled to leave the country in which they happen to live at the time, they are set adrift in the world, their fate at the mercy of some bureaucrat vested with authority to decide whether they may enter "his" land. Vast numbers of men and women, even of children, have been forced by the War into this terrible predicament. Hunted from place to place, driven hither and thither in their search for a spot where they might be permitted to breathe, they are never certain whether they may not be ordered at any moment to leave for other parts — where the same fate is awaiting them. Veritable Wandering Jews, these unfortunates, victims of a strange perversion of human reason that dares question any person's right to exist.

From every "civilized" country men and women may now be expelled any time it suits the police or the government. It is not only foreigners who are thus virtually driven off the face of the earth. Since the World War citizens are also subject to the same treatment. Citizenship has become bankrupt. It has lost its essential meaning, its one-time guarantee. Today the native is no more safe in "his own" country than the citizen by adoption. Deprivation of citizenship, exile and deportation are practiced by every government; they have become established and accepted methods. So common are these proceedings that no one is any

2 Riot policeman's snatch squad shield made of transparent polycarbonate. Dimensions 35.4in x 23.6in x 0.118in (90 x 60 x 3mm). Weight 41b (1.8kg).

3 Projectojet CS fog projector (Israeli) to neutralize rioters 3yds each side of its 50ft (15m) range. Weight under 19.8lb (9kg).

4 Tear gas back pack dispenser (French Alsatex) Minimum range 32ft (10m). Weight 35-47lb (16-21.5kg) depending on whether gel, powder or liquid is loaded.

5 Anti-riot weapon (British Arwen Ace 37) fires five different types of ammunition accurately: AR1 kinetic energy baton round to "discourage" a rioter at

109yds (100m); AR2 multi-source irritant smoke round; AR3 frangible nose baton round with 2gm of CS powder; AR4 smoke screening round; AR5 barricade penetrating irritant round with CS powder to penetrate up to 1/2in (13mm). Caliber 37mm. Rate of fire 12rpm. Weight 4.6lb (2.1kg), lighter than its competitors; 500 sold to US police forces 1984-88.

6 Multi-shot riot gun (British Excalibur) carried by policeman in overalls, body armor and riot helmet with gas mask. Excalibur holds five 38mm rounds. Weight 8.8lb (4kg); 300 sold to Malaysia.

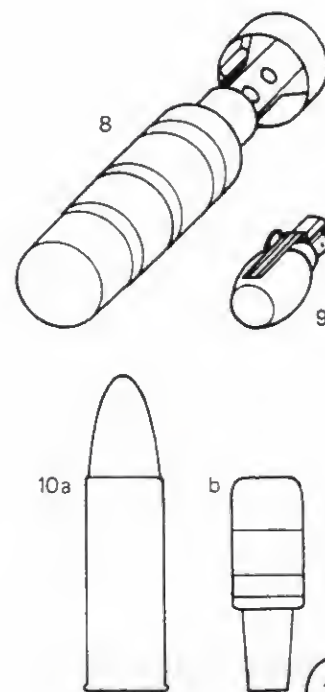
8 Zigzag tear gas grenade (French Alsatex Gendarmerie model)

designed with jacket and nozzle to be jerky when thrown and to bounce on the ground so rioters cannot throw it back.

9 Stun or flash bomb (French Alsatex model) gives one or more loud bangs and a bright flash for use against crowds or hostage-holding terrorists. First used on a hijacked airliner at Mogadishu, Somalia 1977 by German SAS-aided troops.

10 Baton rounds Better known as plastic or rubber bullets and first used in 1960s Hong Kong.

a British 1.5in plastic baton round to cause severe bruising at 65yds (60m). **b** British 1.5in rubber baton round, similar but cheaper. Weight 6oz (170g), MV 328ft/sec (100/sec). Fired at too close range, 22yd (20m) or less these can be lethal projectiles.



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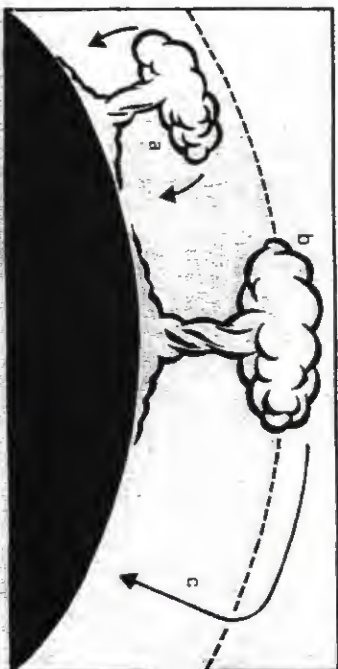
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more shocked by them or made sufficiently indignant to voice an effective protest. Yet, for all their "legality," denaturalization and expatriation are of the most primitive and cruel inhumanity.

The War has exacted a terrific price in the stupendous number of human lives lost, men maimed and crippled, countless hearts broken and homes destroyed. But even more fearful is the effect of that holocaust upon the living. It has dehumanized and brutalized mankind, has injected the poison of hatred into our hearts, has roused man's worst instincts, made life cheap, and human safety and liberty of the smallest consideration. Intolerance and reaction are rampant, and their destructive spirit is nowhere so evident as in the growing despotism of official authority and in its autocratic attitude toward all criticism and opposition. A wave of political dictatorship is sweeping Europe, with its inevitable evils of irresponsible arbitrariness and oppression. Fundamental rights are being abolished, vital ethical conceptions scorned and flouted. Our most precious possession, the cultural values which it has taken centuries to create and develop, are being destroyed. Brute force has become the sole arbiter, and its verdict is accepted with the servile assent of silence, often even with approval.

Till 1917 the United States had fortunately not become affected by the internecine madness which was devastating the Old World. The idea of war was very unpopular, and American sentiment was virtually unanimous against mixing up in the European imbroglio. Then, suddenly, the entire situation changed: a peace-insisting nation was transformed, almost overnight, into a martial maniac run amuck. A study of that strange phenomenon would no doubt be an interesting contribution to our understanding of collective psychology, but the subject is outside the present discussion. Here it must suffice to recollect that, after having elected Woodrow Wilson president because he "had kept them out of war," the American people were somehow persuaded to join the European war. The President's decision, very unwillingly concurred in by a no-war Congress, had the effect of changing the entire psychology of the United States. The tranquil country became a land of flaming jingoism, and a deluge of intolerance and persecuting bigotry overwhelmed the people. The vials of mutual suspicion, of hatred and compulsion were poured out from North to South and from East to West, setting man against man, and brother against brother. In the halls of legislation the spirit of the new militarism manifested itself in drastic laws passed against every critic and protestant.

The sanguine European struggle for territory and markets was proclaimed a holy crusade in behalf of freedom and democ-



Local and global fallout

(above) When the fireball caused by a nuclear explosion touches the ground, it sucks up matter that has been vaporized by its intense heat, so forming the mushroom cloud. This matter, together with the highly radioactive vaporized bomb parts, is heavily bombarded by the initial neutron radiation, and as it cools it falls back to

earth as radioactive dust. With a small explosion, the mushroom cloud is within the troposphere boundary, and the fallout is relatively local to the explosion (a). When a large bomb is detonated and forms a cloud that reaches into the stratosphere (b), the particles are distributed by the upper air currents throughout the stratosphere, causing global fallout (c).



= Symbol for Nuclear War

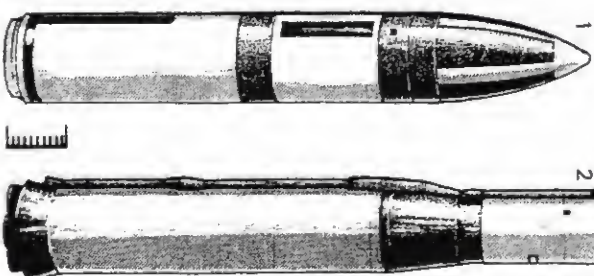


= Peace

Solid-propellant missiles

(above)

1 US Poseidon C3 two-stage submarine-launched ballistic missile. Targets 3230mi (5200km) away can be hit by fitting a Mk3 MIRV with ten 50KT warheads.
2 US Minuteman III three-stage intercontinental ballistic missile. Range over 8080mi (13,000km). It carries a Mk12 MIRV with three 170KT warheads.



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racy, and forcible conscription was hailed as "the best expression of a free citizenry." The war orgy evidenced a psychosis on a nationwide scale never before witnessed in the United States. Compared with it the temporary American aberration that followed the violent death of President McKinley, in 1901, was a mere flurry. On that occasion, as will be remembered, the Federal Government rushed through special legislation outlawing everything that indicated the least symptom of non-conformism or dissent. I am referring to the notorious anti-anarchist law, which for the first time in the history of the United States introduced the principle of government by deportation. Persons suspected of anarchist tendencies, disbelievers in organized government, were not to be allowed entry to the United States, the land of the free; or, if already there could be sent out of the country within a period of three years. According to that law men like Tolstoy and Kropotkin would have been refused permission to visit the United States, or deported if found within its boundaries.

That law, however, product of a short-lived panic, virtually remained a dead letter. But the war-time psychosis revived the forgotten anti-anarchist statutes and broadened them to include everyone who was persona non grata to the powers that be, without the benefit of time limitation. There began a national hunt for "undesirables." Men and women were gathered in by the hundred, arrested on the street or taken from their work-benches, to be administratively deported, without hearing or trial, frequently because of their foreign appearance or on account of wearing a red shawl or necktie.

The war cyclone, having swept Europe, gained increased momentum in America. The movement to make the world safe for democracy and liberty, solidly supported by the "liberal" intelligentsia of press and pulpit, made the United States the most dangerous place for democrat and libertarian. An official reign of terror ruled the country, and thousands of young men were literally driven into the army and navy for fear of their neighbors and of the stigma of "slacker" cast upon everyone in civilian dress — cast mostly by idle ladies of fashion who, graded the streets to aid the cause of "humanity." Everyone who dared raise his voice to stem the tide of the war-mania was shouted down and maltreated as an enemy, an anarchist and public menace. Jails and prisons were filled with men and women ordered deported. Most of them were persons that had lived many years in their adopted country, peacefully following their vocations; some of the others had spent almost their entire lives in America. But length of sojourn and useful occupation made no difference. The great Government of the United States stooped even to the subterfuge

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Does anyone else find it a bit morbid that tear gas (CN) smells like Apple Blossoms?

Type and name	Form	Smell	Parts of the body affected	Dosage (LD50)		
				Skin dose mg/man	Inhaled mg/min/m ²	Digested mg/man
Nerve agents			Respiratory system, eyes, salivary and sweat glands, heart, digestive, excretory and central nervous systems; causes paralysis.			
Tabun "GA"	Liquid or vapor	Fruit		1000	400	40
Sarin "GB"	Liquid or vapor	Almost none		1700	100	10
VX	Liquid	?		15	36	5
Blister agents			Eyes and skin, lungs and other internal tissues; causes bronchopneumonia.			
Distilled mustard	Liquid or vapor	Garlic		4500	1500	50
Nitrogen mustard	Liquid or vapor	Fish or soap		4500	1500	50
Choking agents			Respiratory organs; victims drown in their own mucus.			
Phosgene	Colorless gas	New-mown hay			3200	
Incapacitating agents						
"CN"	Visible vapor	Apple blossom	Eyes and skin, respiratory system.		11,000	
"CS"	Visible vapor	Pepper	Nervous, respiratory and digestive systems.		61,000	
"BZ"	Vapor	?	Heart, central nervous system; causes hallucinations and manic behavior.		200,000	
Toxin agents			Body tissues, central nervous system; causes desiccation and paralysis.			
Butolin "X," "A"	Powder or liquid	?		0.00007 (via wound)	0.1	0.07
Saxitoxin "TZ"	Powder or liquid	?	Nervous system; causes paralysis.	0.05 (via wound)	5	0.5
Enterotoxin "B"	Powder or liquid	?	Digestive and excretory systems, body tissues, lungs.	Not known	200	500

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of secretly depriving naturalized citizens of their citizenship, so as to be able to deport them as "undesirable foreigners."

Future historians will wonder at the peculiar phenomenon of American war psychology: while Europe experienced its worst reaction as a result of the war, the United States — in keeping with its spirit of "get there first" — reached its greatest reactionary zenith before entering the war. Without warning, as it were, it forswore all its revolutionary traditions and customs, openly and without shame, and introduced the worst practices of the Old World. With no more hesitation than necessary it transplanted to America methods of autocracy which had required centuries to develop in Europe, and it initiated expatriation, exile and deportation on a whole scale, irrespective of any considerations of equity and humanity.

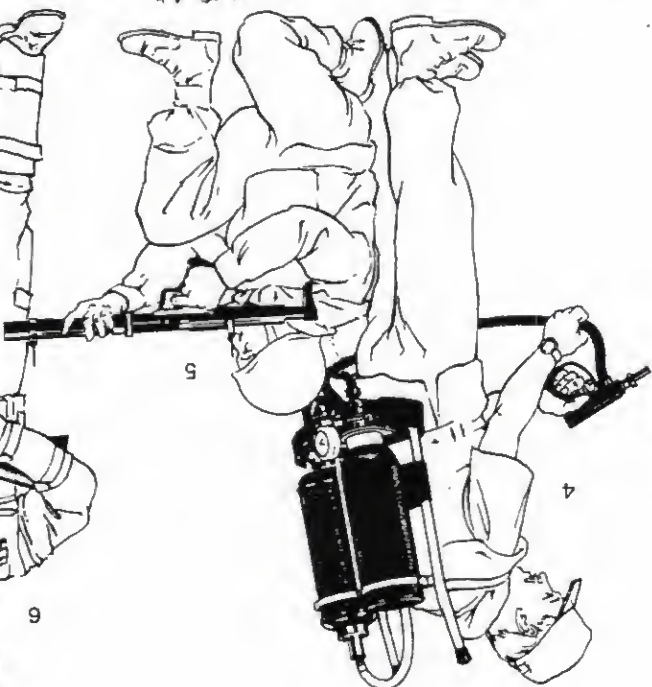
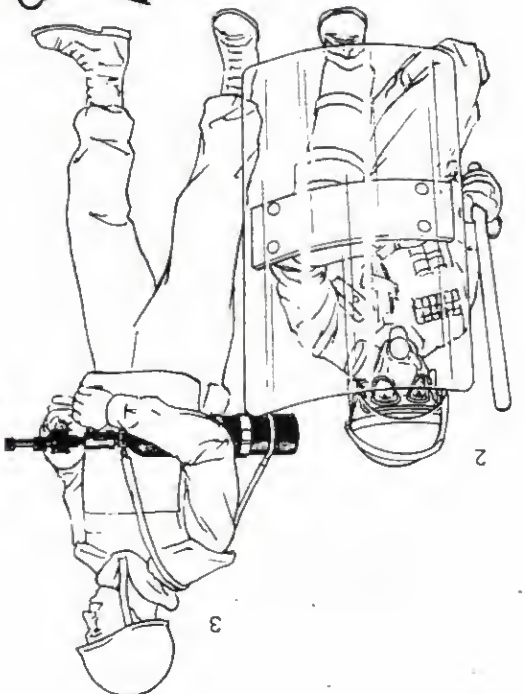
To be sure, the pacifist intellectuals who prepared America for war solemnly insisted that the summary abrogation of constitutional rights and liberties was a temporary measure necessitated by the exigencies of the situation, and that all war-legislation was to be abolished as soon as the world would be made safe for democracy. But more than a decade has passed since, and in vain I have been scanning American newspapers, journals and magazines for the least indication of the promised return to normalcy. It is easier to make laws than abolish them, and oppressive laws are particularly notorious for their longevity.

With its habitual recklessness it has outdone the effete Old World in its preparedness. The former great democracy of Thomas Jefferson, the land of Paine and Emerson, the one-time rebel against State and Church, has turned persecutor of every social protestant. The historic champion of the revolutionary principle, "No taxation without representation," compelled its people to fight in a war waged without their consent! The refuge of the Garibaldis, the Kossuths and Schurz practices deportation of heretics. America, whose official functions always begin with a prayer to the Nazarene who had commanded "Thou shalt not kill" has imprisoned and tortured men who scrupled to take human life, and has hounded those who proclaimed "peace and good will on earth." Once a haven for the persecuted and oppressed of other lands, the United States has since shut its doors in the face of those seeking refuge from the tyrant. A new twentieth-century Golgotha for its "foreign" Saccos and Vanzettis, it silences its native "undesirables," its Mooneys and Billingses, by burying them alive in prison. It glorifies its flying Linberghs, but damns their thinking fathers. It crucifies manhood and expatriates opinion.

The practice of deportation places America, in a cultural

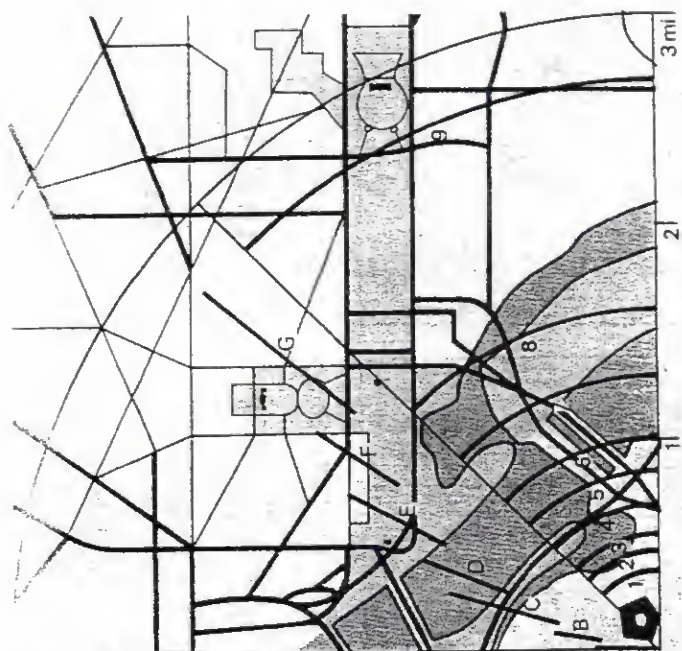
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Refer to p. 114 for info



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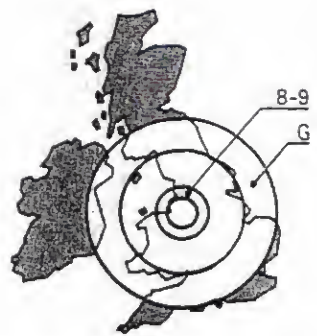
Weapons



Thermal and blast effects 4
 of a 20KT bomb are superimposed (right) on a map of Washington DC, with mile and kilometer scales along the axes. The top segment of the diagram shows the zones over which particular heat effects are experienced, ranging in intensity from **A** to **G**; the characteristics of each zone are listed below the diagram. The lower segment of the diagram shows the lines representing specific blast overpressures and windspeeds, numbered from **1** to **9**, the zones between lines experience blast effects as listed. These heat and blast zones occur in the same ratios with nuclear bombs of different yields; the table (below) lists the distances from the explosion of the heat zones and blast overpressure lines for several bombs of higher yield.

Heat (thermal) effects in the zones indicated.
A Metals vaporize
B Metals melt
C Rubber and plastics ignite and melt
D Wood burns or chars
E Third degree burns (charring of skin)
F Second degree burns (blistering of skin)
G First degree burns (red and painful skin)

Blast effects on structures in the zones indicated.
0-1 Total destruction
1-2 Massive structures destroyed
2-3 Widescale destruction
3-4 Multistorey buildings damaged
4-5 Factories wrecked
5-6 Dwellings wrecked
6-7 Vehicles overturned
7-8 Brick houses damaged
8-9 Wooden buildings damaged



Extent of effects (above) of a large strategic nuclear bomb, superimposed on a map of the British Isles. The example taken is that of a 100MT airburst over Manchester. The bands shown on the diagram correspond to zone 8-9 and zone G as defined in the text (below).

*By forcing critics into an endless defence of their positions, the propaganda system distracts attention from the substantive issues.
 -Milan Rai

Sense, far below the European level. Indeed, there is less freedom of thought in the United States than in the Old World. Few countries are as unsafe for the man or woman of independence and idealism. No offence more heinous there than an unproved opinion; every crime may be forgiven but that of unculpability. For such there is no room in the great United States. In a singular manner that country combines industrial initiative and economic self-help with an almost absolute taboo against freedom and cultural expression. Morals and behaviour are prescribed by draconian censorship. By substituting rule by deportation for its out of the beaten path. By substituting rule by deportation for its fundamental law, America has recorded itself thoroughly reactionary. It has erected formidable barriers against its development and progress. In the last analysis such policies are a means of depriving the people of the finer values and cultural aspirations. The great body of labour is, of course, the direct victim of this menace. It is designed to stifle industrial content, to eliminate the spokesmen of popular unrest, and subjugate the inarticulate masses to the will of the masters of life. Unfortunately it is the workers themselves who are the main bulwark of reaction. No body of any toilers in any country is as mentally undeveloped and as lacking in economic consciousness as the American Federation of Labour. The horizon of its leaders is sadly limited, their social short-sightedness positively infantile. Their role in the World War days was most pitiful and subservient in their vying to outdo each other as trade union reactionaries, too fatuous to understand that the most will remain a post-war weapon in the hands of the employers. They learned nothing from past experience and have gotten the lesson of the Sherman Law, passed by the efforts of the workers to check the industrial trusts but since applied by the American courts to weaken and emasculate the organisations of labour. As was to be foreseen, the "temporary" war legislation sponsored by the American Federation of Labour, is now being used in the industrial struggles against the toilers.

It was Fridtjof Nansen, the famous explorer, who was one of the first to realize the far-reaching effects of the war psychosis in relation to these expatriated. He introduced the special passport that bears his name and which is designed to insure at least a modicum of safety to the increasing number of refugees. Because of Nansen's great services in organising the millions of homeless and parentless children during the war, the League of Nations was induced to approve his project and established the so-called

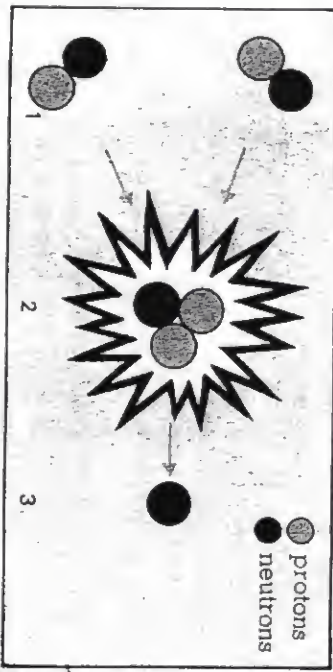
THE Highest Form of STATE COERCION



Nansen passport. Few countries, however, recognise its validity, and that half-heartedly, and in no case does it guarantee its holder against exile and deportation. But the very fact of its existence goes to prove the havoc wrought by post-war developments in the matter of citizenship and the utterly wretched situation of the thousands of expatriated and countryless.

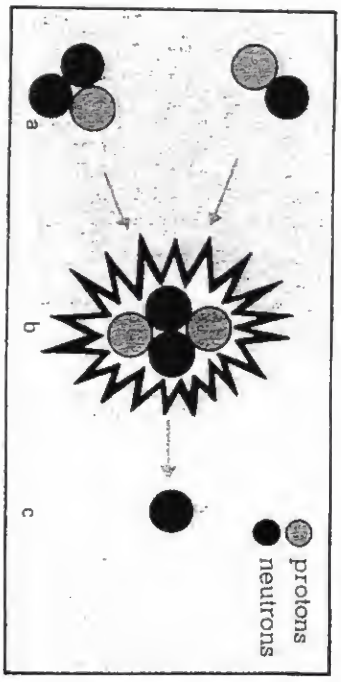
It should not be assumed that the latter consists mostly of political refugees. In that huge army of exile there are great numbers of entirely apolitical people, of men and women whom territorial rapacity and the Versailles "peace" have deprived of their country. Most of them do not even get the benefit of the Nansen passport, since the latter is intended only for the political refugees of certain nationalities. Thus thousands find themselves without legal papers of any kind, and in consequence may not be permitted to stay anywhere. A young woman of my acquaintance, for instance, a person who has never been interested in any social or political activities, is at this very moment adrift in this Christian world of ours, without the right of making any country her home, without fatherland or abode, and constantly at the mercy of the passport police. Though a native of Germany, she is refused citizenship in that country because her father (now dead) was an Austrian. Austria, on the other hand, does not recognise her a citizen because her father's birthplace, formerly belonging to Austria, has by the terms of the Versailles treaty become part of Rumania. Rumania, finally, declines to consider the young woman as a citizen on the ground that she is not a native, and never lived in the country, does not speak its language and has no relatives there. The unfortunate woman is literally without a country, with no legal right to live anywhere on earth, save by the temporary toleration of some passport officials.

Still more hazardous is the existence of the vast army of political refugees and expatriated. They live in ever present fear of being deported, and such a doom is equivalent to a sentence of death when these men are returned, as is only too often the case, to countries ruled by dictatorships. Quite recently a man I know was arrested in the place of his sojourn and ordered deported to his native land, which happened to be Italy. Had the order been carried out, it would have meant torture and execution. I am familiar with a number of cases of political refugees not permitted to remain in the countries where they had sought refuge and deported to Spain, Hungary, Rumania or Bulgaria, where their lives are in jeopardy. For the arm of reaction is long. Thus Poland has on several occasions lately decreed the deportation of Russian political refugees to their native country, where the Tchecha executioner was ready to receive them. It was only



Fusion Unlike the atom bomb, which works by fission or the splitting of atoms, the "hydrogen" or "thermonuclear" bomb works by the fusion of atoms, made possible by the heat generated in a fission explosion.

Deuterium fusion (above) 1 In the heat of a fission explosion, two deuterium atoms collide.

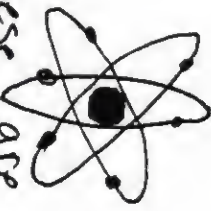


Deuterium/tritium fusion (above)

a A deuterium and a tritium atom collide.
b They fuse into a Helium-4 atom and release energy and one neutron (c).
c Although the creation of Helium-3 and Helium-4 releases less energy than fission reactions, the atoms are much smaller and therefore thermonuclear fuels will give three to

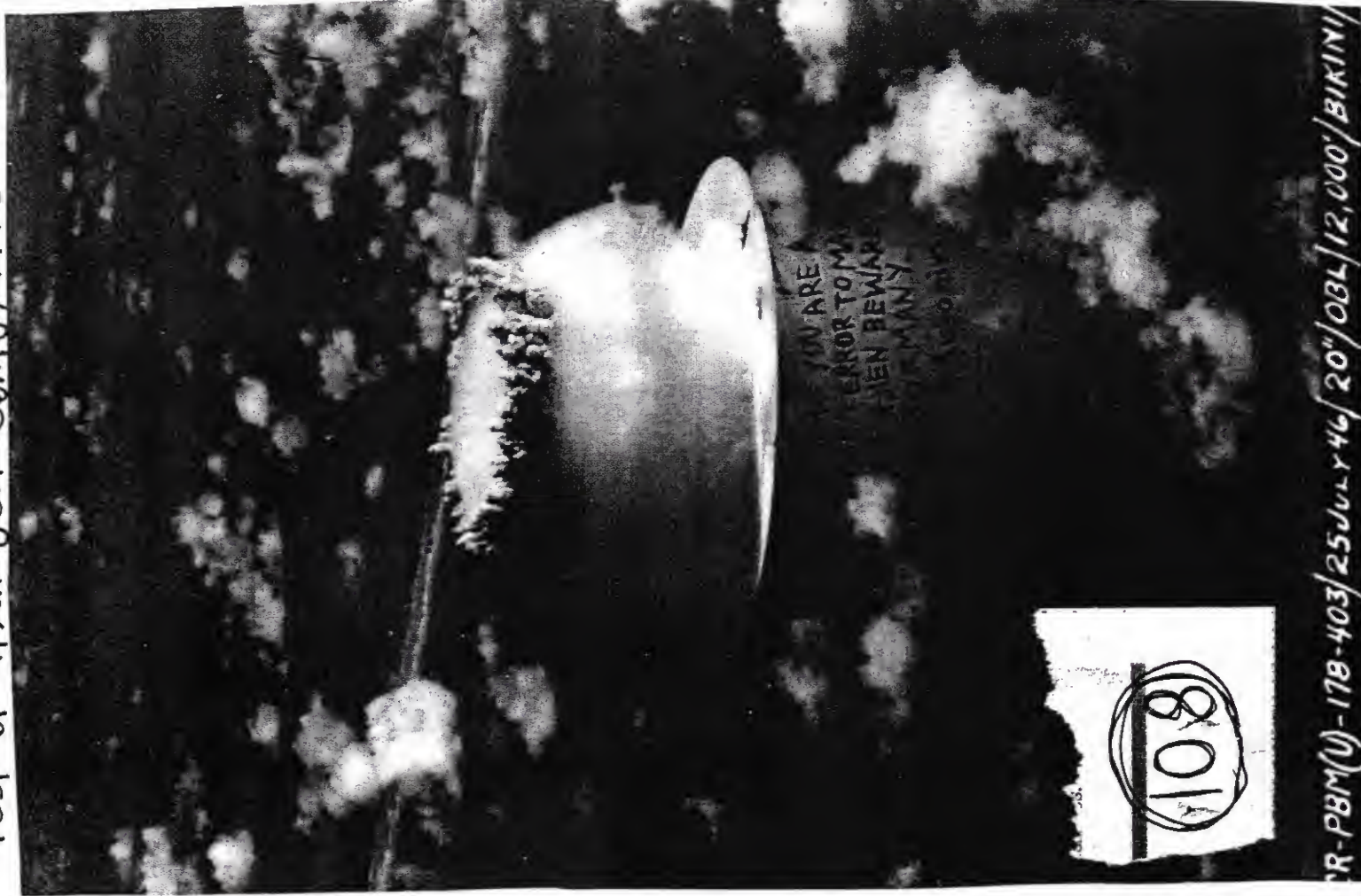
four times the energy of the same mass of fissile material and release up to six times as many neutrons. The materials are also relatively cheaper and more abundant than fissile material and are not subject to the dangers of "critical mass."

2 These atoms fuse into the heavier atom of Helium-3, releasing energy and one neutron (3).
These are the primary models of Nuclear Weapon



tactical Nuclear Weapons carry the physical and technical capacity to cause more human misery than any weapons system known to man

Test of Hydrogen Bomb, 1946

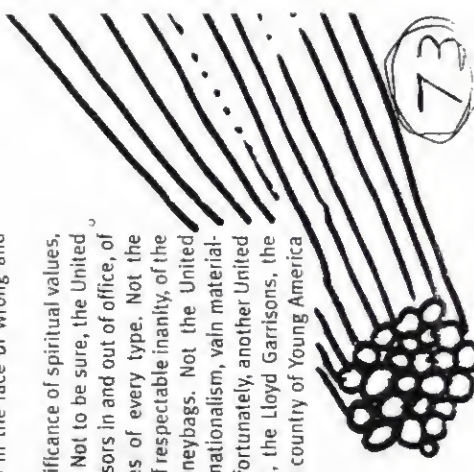
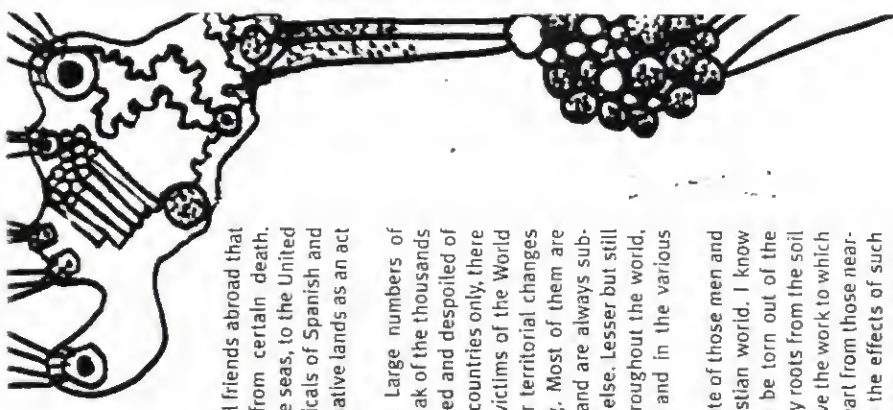


through the timely intercession of influential friends abroad that the men and their families were saved from certain death. European despotism reaches even across the seas, to the United States and South America; repeatedly political of Spanish and Italian descent have been deported to their native lands as an act of "Courtesy" to a friendly power.

These are not exceptional instances. Large numbers of refugees are in a similar position. Not to speak of the thousands of non-political, denaturalized and expatriated and despoiled of abode. In Turkey and France, to mention two countries only, there are at present over half a million of them, victims of the World War, of Fascism, of Bolshevism, of Post-war territorial changes and of the mania for exiling and deporting. Most of them are being merely tolerated, for the time being, and are always subject to an order to "move on" — somewhere else. Lesser but still very considerable numbers are scattered throughout the world, particularly in Belgium, Holland, Germany and in the various countries of Southern Europe.

There is nothing more tragic than the fate of those men and women thrown upon the mercy of our Christian world. I know from personal experience what it means to be torn out of the environment of a lifetime, dug out by the very roots from the soil you have had your being in, compelled to leave the work to which all your energies have been devoted, and to part from those nearest and dearest to you. Most disastrous are the effects of such expatriation particularly on persons of mature age, as were the greater number of those deported by America. Youth may adapt itself more readily to a new environment and acclimatize itself in a strange world. But for those of more advanced age such transplantation is a veritable crucifixion. It requires years of application to master the language, custom and habits of a new land, and a very long time to take root, to form new ties and secure one's material existence, — not to speak of the mental anguish and agony a sensitive person suffers in the face of wrong and inhumanity.

As for myself, in the deeper significance of spiritual values, I feel the United States "my country." Not to be sure, the United States of the Ku Kluxers, of moral censors in and out of office, of the suppressionists and reactionaries of every type. Not the America of Tammany or of Congress, of respectable inanity, of the highest skyscrapers and fattest moneybags. Not the United States of petty provincialism, narrow nationalism, vain materialism and naive exaggeration. There is, fortunately, another United States — the land of Walt Whitmans, the Lloyd Garrison, the Thoreaus, the Wendell Philippses. The country of Young America

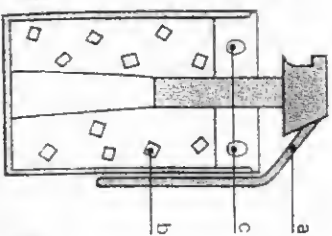


of life and thought, or of art and letters; the America of the new generation knocking at the door, of men and women with ideals, with aspirations for a better day; the America of social rebellion and spiritual promise, of the glorious "undesirables" against whom all the exile, expatriation and deportation laws are aimed.

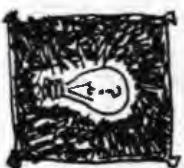
It is to THAT America that I am proud to belong.

KNOW YOUR ENEMY.

US M54 CS hand grenade (right and below), of the slow emission type. Ignition is by release of the finger lever (a) on throwing, and there follows an 8-12sec delay. As the fuel mixture and CS pellets (b) begin to burn, pressure-sensitive tape covering the emission holes (c) is ruptured, and lachrymatory gas is emitted for 15-35sec.



The Master's Tools



Will
Never
Dis-
mantle

the



MASTER'S
HOUSE.



Aftermath

I wonder who it is these days
who takes off your clothes
and helps you forget
to think before you act

as if you really needed help

you convinced me of your identity

No you convinced yourself

but no matter how you explain away it

You're still a waste

of life

of space

of carbon-14

of my virginity

But bitterness is so last year

I'm sick of bitching

I'd even let you keep my copy of

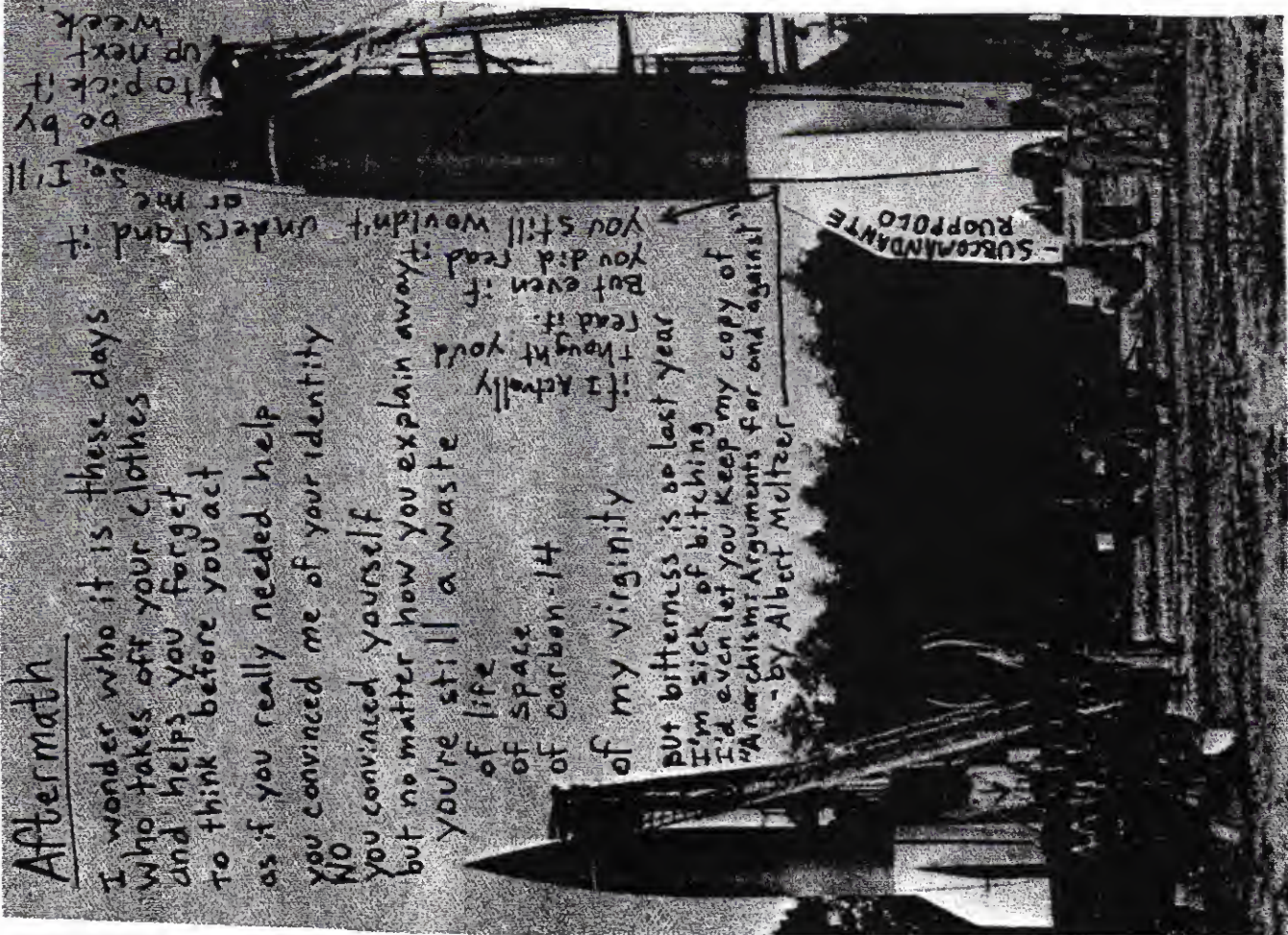
"Anarchism: Arguments for and against"

- by Albert Meltzer

But even if I thought you'd

read it, you still wouldn't understand it

So, I'll be by to pick it up next week



Happiness

Is

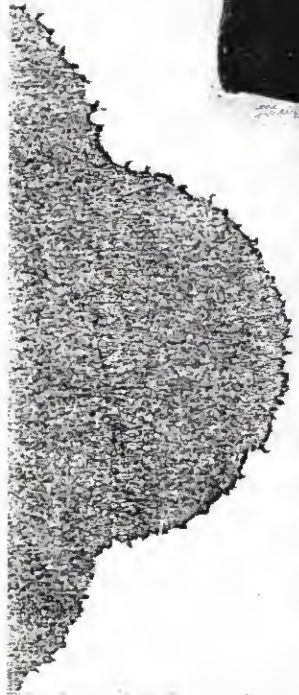
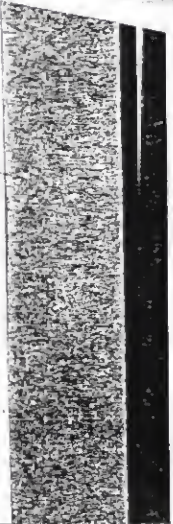
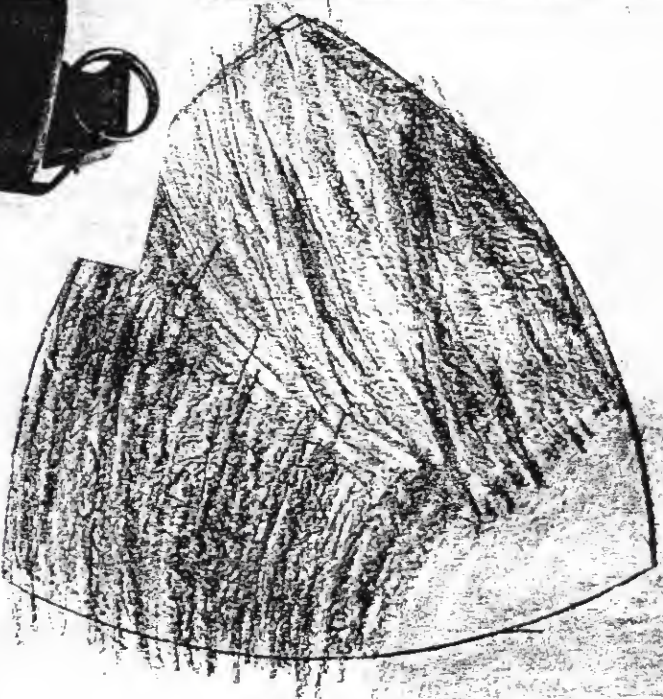


A

Warm Gun.



Christiane Buarque



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for it, still less the Stalinists, whom he regarded as "scoundrels." They would both be wrong to think that they are rid of him: it does not matter whether he is absent or present, * he will always be at their heels.

One last word. This short book which is now to be published in the United States, in English, became a best-seller in its country of origin during those weeks of regeneration, and has been, or is going to be, translated into ten languages. The author claims no credit for this, but is it not one of many signs of the renaissance of anarchism in France and the world, through a revolution which has only begun?

* Cohn-Bendit, being a German citizen, though born in France, was expelled from the country by the Gaullist regime (May 1968) and has not since been allowed to return to France.



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All authority was repudiated or even derided. The myth of the providential old man of the Elysée was not so much undermined by serious argument as blown sky high by caricature and satire. The parliamentary talk-shop was negated by the mortal weapon of indifference: one of the long marches of the students through the capital happened to pass in front of the Palais Bourbon without even condescending to notice its existence.

One magic word echoed through the glorious weeks of May 1968, in both factory and university. It was the theme of innumerable debates, explanations, references to historical precedent, detailed and enthusiastic examinations of relevant contemporary experiences: it was *self-management*. The example of the Spanish collectivizations of 1936 aroused particularly keen interest. In the evenings workers came to the Sorbonne to learn about this new solution to the problem of society. When they went back to the workshops, discussions on this subject went on around the silent machines. Of course the revolution of May 1968 did not put self-management into practice, it stopped just short—one might even say: on the very brink. But the idea of self-management has become lodged in people's minds, and it will emerge again sooner or later.

Finally, this revolution so profoundly libertarian in spirit had the good fortune of finding a spokesman: a young Franco-German Jewish anarchist, aged twenty-three, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, who, with a group of friends, acted as a detonator and, when he was expelled from France, as the living symbol of the revolution. "Dany" is no anarchist theoretician; in the field of ideas his brother Gaby, a teacher at the Saint-Nazaire Lycée probably excels him in maturity and in learning. But Dany has more striking gifts than book-learning: he has libertarian fire in the highest degree. He showed himself to be a born agitator, a speaker of unusual power, direct, realistic, concrete, provocative, impressing people without demagoguery or artificiality. Moreover, like a real libertarian, he refuses to play the leader and insists on remaining one militant among many. He was the moving spirit of the first student revolt in France, at the University of Nanterre and so, without premeditation, contributed to setting off the gigantic confrontation which shook the whole country. The bourgeoisie would not forgive him

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Curriculum

quatrefoil

NOTHING SPLENDID
HAS EVER BEEN ACHIEVED
EXCEPT BY THOSE WHO
DARED BELIEVE
THAT SOMETHING
INSIDE THEM
WAS SUPERIOR TO
CIRCUMSTANCE

(BRUCE BARTON)

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An Excerpt From Living My Life, Observations on the Haymarket Square Incident

By Emma Goldman

...One Sunday it was announced that a famous socialist speaker from New York, Johanna Greie, would lecture on the case then being tried in Chicago. On the appointed day I was the first in the hall. The huge place was crowded from top to bottom by eager men and women, while the walls were lined with police. I had never before been at such a large meeting. I had seen *gendarmes* in St. Petersburg disperse small student gatherings. But that in the country which guaranteed free speech, officers armed with long clubs should invade an orderly assembly filled me with consternation and protest.

Soon the chairman announced the speaker. She was a woman in her thirties, pale and ascetic-looking, with large luminous eyes. She spoke with great earnestness, in a voice vibrating with intensity. Her manner engrossed me. I forgot the police, the audience, and every thing else about me. I was aware only of the frail woman in black crying out her passionate indictment against the forces that were about to destroy eight human lives.

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plosion burst like a thunderclap, contagious and devastating, and was very largely libertarian socialist in character.

It was based upon a critique not only of bourgeois society but of post-Stalinist communism which had been becoming more and more acute in university circles. It was stimulated by the denunciation expressed in *La Misère en Milieu Étudiant** by a small group of "situationists," and it was inspired by the student rebellion in various countries, especially Germany.

It armed itself with direct action, purposeful illegality, the occupation of places of work: it was not afraid to meet the violence of the forces of repression by revolutionary violence; it put everything in question, all accepted ideas, all existing structures; it repudiated the professorial monologue as much as the authoritarianism of the employers; it rejected the cult of personality and insisted on anonymity and collectivity; in a few weeks it passed through a lightning apprenticeship in direct democracy, in the dialogue of a thousand voices, in the communication of all with all.

It drank greedily from the fountain of liberty. In all its meetings and forums of all kinds every individual was given the right to express himself fully. The public square was transformed into an amphitheater, for the traffic was stopped and the debaters seated on the pavement, the strategy of the future war of the streets discussed openly, fully, and at length. Anyone could come into the revolutionary beehive in the court, the corridors, and landings of the Sorbonne. There, every revolutionary tendency without exception could display and sell its literature.

The libertarians took advantage of this situation of freedom to abandon their former insularity. They fought side by side with the revolutionary Marxists of authoritarian tendency, almost without animosity on either side, temporarily forgetting the frictions of the past. The black flag flew alongside the red flag, without competition or conflict, at least during the sharpest phase of the struggle when everything was subordinated to fraternal unity against the common enemy.

* "Wretched Conditions of Student Life"—title of a pamphlet published in France in 1967 by students of the University of Strasbourg.

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brazently botched up by its supporters. In replies made to an inquiry by the magazine *Nouvelle Vague* you gave the answer: 'A socialist future is not desirable because of the absolute subordination of the individual to a political idea, to the State.'

"You tell us that what puts you off about socialism is not the perspective of ending the oppression of man by man, it is 'the bureaucrats and the purges'."

"In other words you would desire socialism if it were authentic. The majority of you have a very strong feeling against social injustice and there are many among you who are aware that 'capitalism is condemned.' Moreover, you are passionately attached to liberty and one of your spokesmen writes that 'French youth is more and more anarchist.' You are libertarian socialists without knowing it. In contrast to the out-of-date, bankrupt, authoritarian, and totalitarian nature of Jacobin socialism, libertarian socialism bears the sign of youth. Not only because it is the secret of the future, the only possible rational and human substitute for an economic regime condemned by history, but also because it corresponds to the deepest, though often confused, aspirations of the youth of today. And without your agreement and participation it would be vain to try to reconstruct the world."

"One of these young people wrote 'I think I shall see this civilization collapse in my lifetime.' It is my modest wish to live long enough to witness and take part in this gigantic cleanup with you, youth. I hope that the case against false socialism presented in this work may suggest to you a few of the materials with which you will build a more just and free society with a new enthusiasm from which skepticism has disappeared."

The revolution of May 1968 in France fully confirmed this prediction. It was a great sweeping out of cobwebs. It was carried out by youth, not only students, but with working-class youth through the solidarity of their age and their common alienation. At the university as well as in the factory and trade union, dictatorship of the adults was challenged: the masters in the universities, the employers in the factories, and the bosses in the trade unions. More, it was profoundly shaken. And this unexpected ex-

The entire speech concerned the stirring events in Chicago. She began by relating the historical background of the case. She told of the labour strikes that broke out throughout the country in 1886, for the demand of an eight-hour workday. The center of the movement was Chicago, and there the struggle between the movement and their bosses became intense and bitter. A meeting of the striking employees of the McCormick Harvester Company at that city was attacked by police; men and women were beaten and several persons killed. To protest against the outrage a mass meeting was called in Haymarket Square on May 4. It was addressed by Albert Parsons, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, and others, and was quiet and orderly. This was attested to by Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, who had attended the meeting to see what was going on. The Mayor left, satisfied that everything was all right, and he informed the captain of the district to that effect. It was getting cloudy, a light rain began to fall, and the people started to disperse, only a few remaining while one of the last speakers was addressing the audience. Then Captain Ward, accompanied by a strong force of police, suddenly appeared on the square. He ordered the meeting to disperse forthwith. "This is an orderly assembly," the chairman replied, whereupon the police fell upon the people, clubbing them unmercifully. Then something flashed through the air and exploded, killing a number of police officers and wounding a score of others. It was never ascertained who the actual culprit was, and the authorities apparently made little effort to discover him. Instead orders were immediately issued for the arrest of all the speakers at the Haymarket meeting and other prominent anarchists. The entire press and *bourgeoisie* of Chicago and of the whole country began shouting for the blood of the prisoners. A veritable

campaign of terror was carried on by the police, who were given moral and financial encouragement by the Citizens' Association to further their murderous plan to get the anarchists out of the way. The public mind was so inflamed by the atrocious stories circulated by the press against the leaders of the strike that a fair trial for them became an impossibility. In fact, the trial proved the worst frame-up in the history of the United States. The jury was picked for conviction; the District Attorney announced in open court that it was not only the arrested men who were the accused, but that "anarchy was on trial" and that it was to be exterminated. The judge repeatedly denounced the prisoners from the bench, influencing the jury against them. The witnesses were terrorized or bribed, with the result that eight men, innocent of the crime and in no way connected with it, were convicted. The incited state of the public mind, and the general prejudice against anarchists, coupled with the employers' bitter opposition to the eight-hour movement, constituted the atmosphere that favoured the judicial murder of the Chicago anarchists. Five of them — Albert Parsons, August Spies, Louis Lingg, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel — were sentenced to die by hanging; Michael Schwab and Samuel Fielden were doomed to life imprisonment; Neebe received fifteen years' sentence. The innocent blood of the Haymarket martyrs was calling for revenge.

← (empty) →
(80)

Postscript: May 1968 (Last Chapter of, "Anarchism," By Daniel Guérin.)

It is some years since I first thought I had observed the beginning of a libertarian revolt among the youth of France. I was among those who watched with interest and, I must admit, with sympathy, the antics of young workers in conflict with society, at odds with the police and with all adults: the famous "black jackets," the organized gangs of the working-class areas.

Apart from these antisocial young people, I observed that our youth, in general, had no allegiance to anyone. Its obvious skepticism was neither detachment nor dilettantism, still less nihilism, but a comprehensive rejection of the false values of all its elders, be they bourgeois enamored of hierarchy and authority, or Stalinists, new Jesuits, obeying blindly the blindly obedient.

In 1958, in a debate on youth on the French radio I stated: "Socialism is still alive in the hearts of the young but, if it is to attract them, it must break with the tragic terrors of Stalinism, it must appear in libertarian guise." The following year I published a collection of essays entitled *Jeunesse du Socialisme Libertaire*,* and prefaced it with the following dedication to youth:

"I dedicate these essays to you, youth of today.

"I know that you turn your back on ideologies and 'isms,' which have been made hollow by the failures of your elders. I know that you are deeply suspicious (and alas with much justification) about everything connected with 'politics.' I know that the grand old men who thought about the problem of society in the nineteenth century seem old bores to you. I know that you are justly skeptical of 'socialism,' which has been so often betrayed, so

* (Libertarian Socialist Youth), Paris, 1969.

" ... doesn't
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I C B M from
 Launch Pad

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 or inspire
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 Would
 Barricades
 banner?

- Robert
 Moz

At the end of Greie's speech I knew what I had surmised all
 along: the Chicago men were innocent. They were to be put to
 death for their ideal. But what was their ideal? Johanna Greic
 spoke of Parsons, Spies, Lingg, and the others as socialists, but
 I was ignorant of the real meaning of socialism. What I had
 heard from the local speakers had impressed me as colouriess
 and mechanistic. On the other hand, the papers called these
 men anarchists, bomb-throwers. What was anarchism? It was all
 very puzzling. But I had no time for further contemplation. The
 people were filing out, and I got up to leave. Greie, the chairman,
 and a group of friends were still on the platform. As I turned
 towards them, I saw Greie motioning to me. I was startled, my
 heart beat violently, and my feet felt leaden. When I approached
 her, she took me by the hand and said: "I never saw a face that
 reflected such a tumult of emotions as yours. You must be
 feeling the impending tragedy intensely. Do you know the men?"
 In a trembling voice I replied: "Unfortunately not, but I do feel the
 case with every fibre, and when I heard you speak, it seemed to
 me as if I knew them." She put her hand on my shoulder. "I have
 a feeling that you will know them better as you learn their ideal,
 and that you will make their cause your own."

I walked home in a dream. Sister Helena was already asleep,
 but I had to share my experience with her. I woke her up and
 recited to her the whole story, giving almost a verbatim account
 of the speech. I must have been very dramatic, because Helena
 exclaimed: "The next thing I'll hear about my little sister is that
 she, too, is a dangerous anarchist."

-Emma Goldman

To surpass

First I had sight.
Abandoned sight of my eyes.
Unlearned sight of the world.

Then came thought:
Controlling, manipulative thought.
To think only of numbers,
And of dangers,
And to cower behind.

But sight was first.
There are still some thoughts worth thinking,
And they are memories.
Remembrances carefully thought over.
They are pancakes cooked on one side,
But perfectly so,
Dangerous even carefully flipped over.
One can only ruin them once.
They are memories of sight:
Abandoned sight of my eyes,
Unlearned sight of the world.

So little time,
Before it hit me,
Like a blistering bullet to the bridge of my nose.
A hot shot in the face.
A question:
When my body passes and has no more of sight:
Abandoned sight of my eyes!
Unlearned sight of the world!
Yet the thoughts do not yield!
Manipulative number thoughts →



What will I do then?
How will I be?
And I pray for something like a question
To sneak up on my mind from behind

Written by number

and the nature of the 'democracy' they would create in America.

****Author's Note****

In consideration of the need and practical usefulness of a concise and intelligent analysis and critique of the Modern State, Albert Jay Nock's Our Enemy, the State is an invaluable work. You will find in reading it all new and legitimate incentives for rejecting the contemporary socio-political order.

Written BY NUMBER

Arc of the Earth

Ascending a familiar hill in peak of dreadful night,
With only intermittent consciousness of flight,
The night sky above me, so heavy in it's grief,
Slits its wrists and bleeds into the pavement at my feet.
The night is cold, the stars are drifting down to rest,
Like a massive injured zeppelin sinks reluctantly to the worldly mess.
Unforgiving wind, you bitter woman's hand pressing to hearts,
A needle streaming thread of crimson red signals the morning's start.
I am walking through the battlefield. I am walking through the catacombs.
Ascending a familiar hill in peak of dreadful night.

Written by Number

82

Written by number

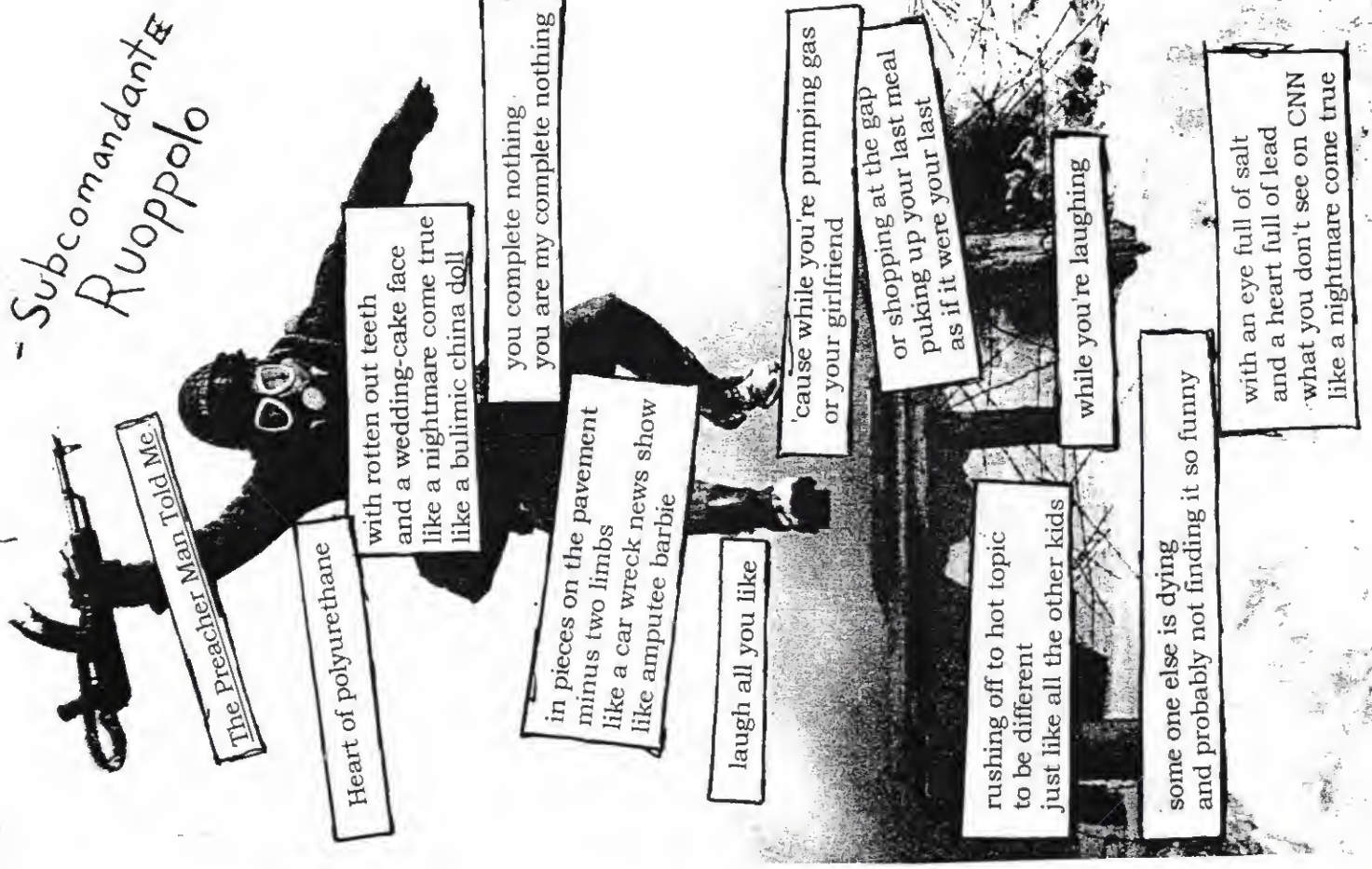
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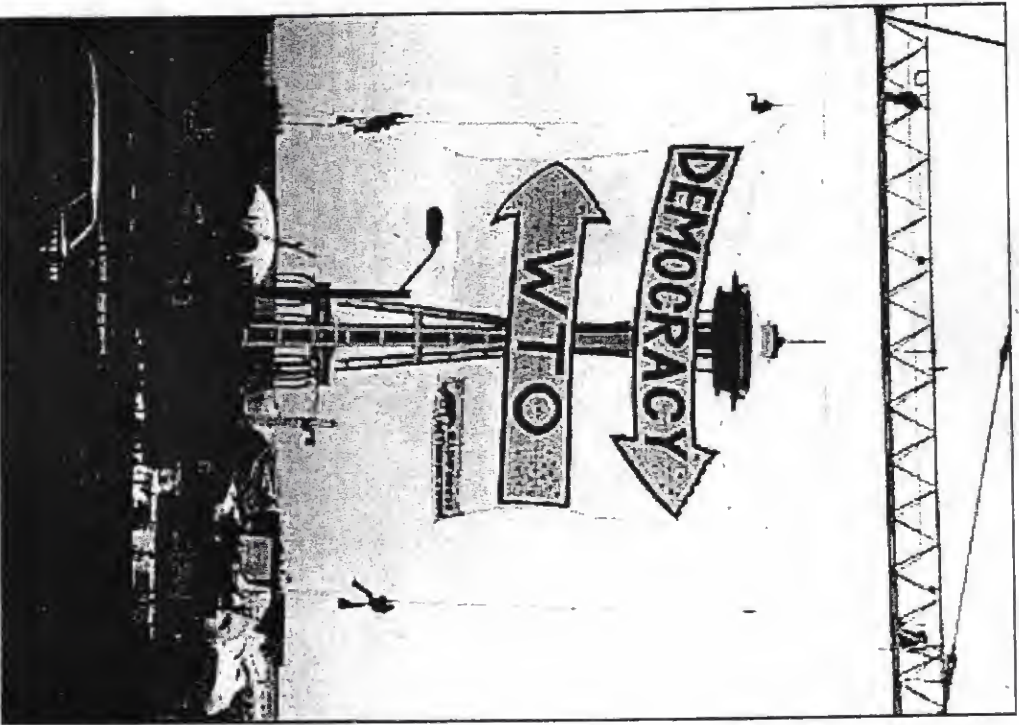
organizing the Mississippi Company. He also conceived the scheme of the Potomac Company... **Patrick Henry** was an inveterate and voracious engrosser of land lying beyond the deadline set by the British state; later he was heavily involved in the affairs of one of the notorious Yazoo companies... **Benjamin Franklin**'s thrifty mind turned cordially to the project of the Vandalia Company, and he acted successfully as promoter for it in England in 1766... **Silas Deane**, emissary of the Continental Congress to France, was interested in the Illinois and Wabash Companies, as was **Robert Morris**, who managed the revolution's finances; as was also **James Wilson** who became a justice of the Supreme Court..."

Aside from this brutal critique of the incentives of the figure-heads of the American Revolution, Nock analyzes the terms and foundations upon which the "new" American State would be constructed. Nock makes the important distinction between the naive conceptualization of the American State as protector of Natural rights and popular sovereignty and the actual conception of the American State as protector of politico-economic exploitation by the organization of the political means. He also points out that the American Revolutionaries had engendered great distaste for the FORM of State under which they had endured great vexations by economic interferences but had for naïveté's sake overlooked the similarity between the nature of the monarchy in Britain

←-(empty)→

- Subcomandante
Ruoppolo





plan appeared to be a paramount paradigm to the American land-proprietor excepting certain legislations laid down by the British state from 1651 onward, especially after the 'Glorious Revolution' of 1688. Said legislation included the Navigation Acts, the Trade Acts, and the Act of 1752 but most importantly as it was most heavily carried as an economic burden on the back of the colonial American land-speculator was the **Proclamation of 1763**, which forbade colonists to occupy land "lying westward of the source of any river flowing through the Atlantic Seaboard". The conflict arising from these acts is self-evident...

"What could be more natural than that the colonists should wish to get their hands on this territory and exploit it for themselves alone and on their own terms without risk of arbitrary interference by the British State? - and this of necessity meant political independence." (AJN)

This is where Nock opens the shutters and reveals that the prime players in the American revolution, a struggle for political independence, were probably motivated and aligned with the cause by their other economic investments.

"It is interesting to observe the names of persons concerned in these undertakings; one cannot escape the significance of this connexion in view of their attitude towards the revolution, and their own subsequent career as statesmen and patriots... **General Washington** was a member of the Company, and a prime mover in

84

97

right to keep other persons from using the land in question... and the right to exclusive possession of values accruing from the application of Labour to it (use value). Monopoly of economic rent, on the other hand, gives the exclusive right to values accruing from the desire of other persons to possess that property.

Mark this well, that man is a land-animal, (land technically includes all natural resources in economic terms) Nock states the obvious but note-worthy fact that if man's free access to land be denied by "legal pre-emption", then his ability to exercise the economic means of survival becomes limited by the consent and terms of the landholder. From these fundamental and interactive assertions about the State, Nock moves on to what are easily the most intriguing, revealing, and provocative assets to Our Enemy, the State; being his analysis of the American situation from colonial inception to political independence as it relates by deference to the modern merchant-enterprising state.

"It is a point of utmost consequence to remember that from the time of the first colonial settlement to the present day, America has been regarded as a practically limitless field for speculation in rental values." (AJN)

This arises from the 'discovery' and allotment of vast reaches of land in a small amount of time that were then appropriated by speculators in a widespread attempt at foregoing the more arduous economic means of survival in order to exercise the political means through a constant raising of the economic rent on their land investments. Initially this

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Everything new arises from the realities of vital being. New worlds are not born in the vacuum of abstract ideas, but in the fight for daily bread, in that hard and ceaseless struggle which the needs and worries of the hour demand just to take care of the indispensable requirements of life. In the constant warfare against the already existing, the new shapes itself and comes to fruition. He who does not know how to value the achievements of the hour will never be able to conquer a better future for himself and his fellows.

From their daily battles against the employers and their allies, the workers gradually learn the deeper meaning of this struggle. At first they pursue only the immediate purpose of improving the status of the producers within the existing social order, but gradually they lay bare the root of the evil—monopoly economy and its political and social accompaniments. For the attainment of such an understanding the every day struggles are better educative material than the finest theoretical discussions. Nothing can so impress the mind and soul of the worker as this enduring battle for daily bread, nothing makes him so receptive to the teachings of Socialism as the incessant struggle for the necessities of life.

-RUDOLF
ROCKER

(GANKED FROM "ANARCHO-
SYNDICALISM")



(85)

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L V I I

*M*ienten los que dijeron que yo perdí la luna,
los que profetizaron mi porvenir de arena;
aseveraron tantas cosas con lenguas frías;
quisieron prohibir la flor del universo.

“Ya no cantará más el ámbar insurgente
de la sirena, no tiene sino pueblo.”
Y masticaban sus incesantes papeles
patrocinando para mi guitarra el olvido.

Yo les lancé a los ojos las lanzas deslumbrantes
de nuestro amor clavando tu corazón y el mío,
yo reclamé el jazmín que dejaban tus huellas,
yo me perdí de noche sin luz bajo tus párpados
y cuando me envolvió la claridad
nací de nuevo, dueño de mi propia tiniebla.

*an incompetent way, so I shall confiscate your
power and exercise it to suit myself.” (AJN)*

Next there is the distinction drawn between government and the state which I put rather succinctly before you above. One should note well Nock's assertions regarding a few basic economic laws. Firstly we are reminded of the economic principle that man tends to satisfy his needs for survival by the simplest means possible or practicable. Nock presents two distinct means by which man tends to satisfy his needs: the *economic means*, being the personal application of Labour and Capital to Land; or the *political means*, being the “uncompensated appropriation of wealth produced by others”. Primitive or feudal examples of said political means have been, as we have seen, by conquest, expropriation, confiscation and the introduction of a slave economy. The current form of the State, Nock contends, offers recourse to the man who seeks to exercise the political means through the State's modern apparatus of tariffs, concessions, rent-monopoly/land-tenure, subsidies, etc... The modern State, therefore, is the organization and refinement of the political means of exploitation of one class by another. Therefore, the organization of policy-makers and the like who quote- *run the state* amount in Nock's eyes to little more or less than a “professional-criminal class”.

“The State assumes the right of eminent domain over it territorial basis, whereby every landholder becomes in theory a tenant of the State.” (AJN) This ‘inviolable’ right in the state system of land-tenure bestows two monopolies on landholders: one concerning the right to “*labour-made* property” and the other the right to “*law-made* property”. “The first gives the

Also to be read: *Memoirs*
of

^a Superfluous
Man

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To be read:

OUR ENEMY, THE STATE by Albert Jay Nock

"Man has been victimized by his institutions, the story runs, but now that democracy has given power to The People it lies within man's power to improve his circumstances by enlarging the role of the state"

--Edmund A. Opitz

Albert Jay Nock's classic critique, Our Enemy, the State, is well founded in social libertarian principles separating the concept of "government, a purely social institution, from the concept of the State, which he defines on countless occasions as the "organization of the political means". Essentially, Nock seeks to define, distinguish, and evaluate government and the state and then outline the philosophies, values, and histories of both, particularly (and most provocatively) in the colonial and revolutionary American political systems.

The introductory chapters of Nock's work focus on the definition and clarification of some important political, legal and economic terms. A few of these base essentials are as follows. First, that any power possessed by the State for the exercise of any means is or once was confiscated from the people's intangible cache of social power, thus founding the history of the State in conquest and confiscation.

"The state has said to society, "You are either not exercising enough power to meet the emergency, or are exercising it in what I think is

L V I I

They're liars, those who say I lost the moon, who foretold a future like a public desert for me, who gossiped so much with their cold tongues: they tried to ban the flower of the universe.

"The quick spontaneous mermaids' amber is finished. Now he has only the people." And they gnawed on their incessant papers, they plotted an oblivion for my guitar.

But I tossed—ha! into their eyes!—the dazzling lances of our love, piercing your heart and mine. I gathered the jasmine your footsteps left behind.

I got lost in the night, without the light of your eyelids, and when the night surrounded me I was born again: I was the owner of my own darkness.

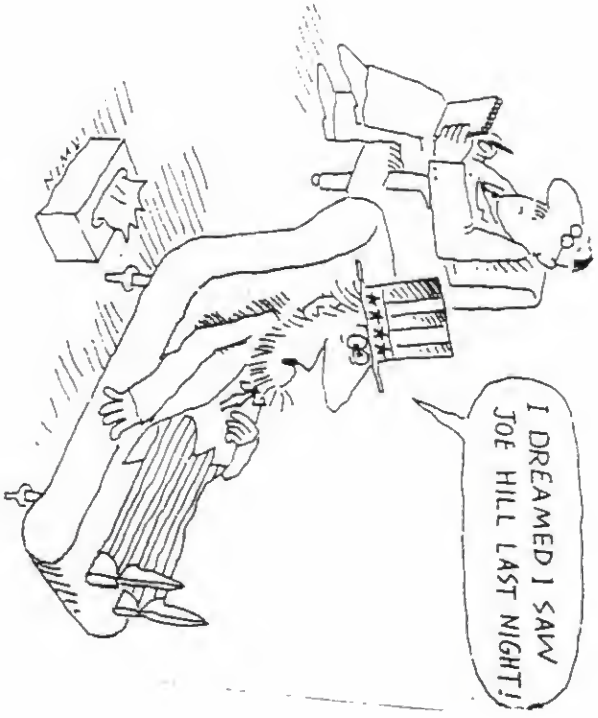
~~Pablo Neruda~~

Pablo Neruda

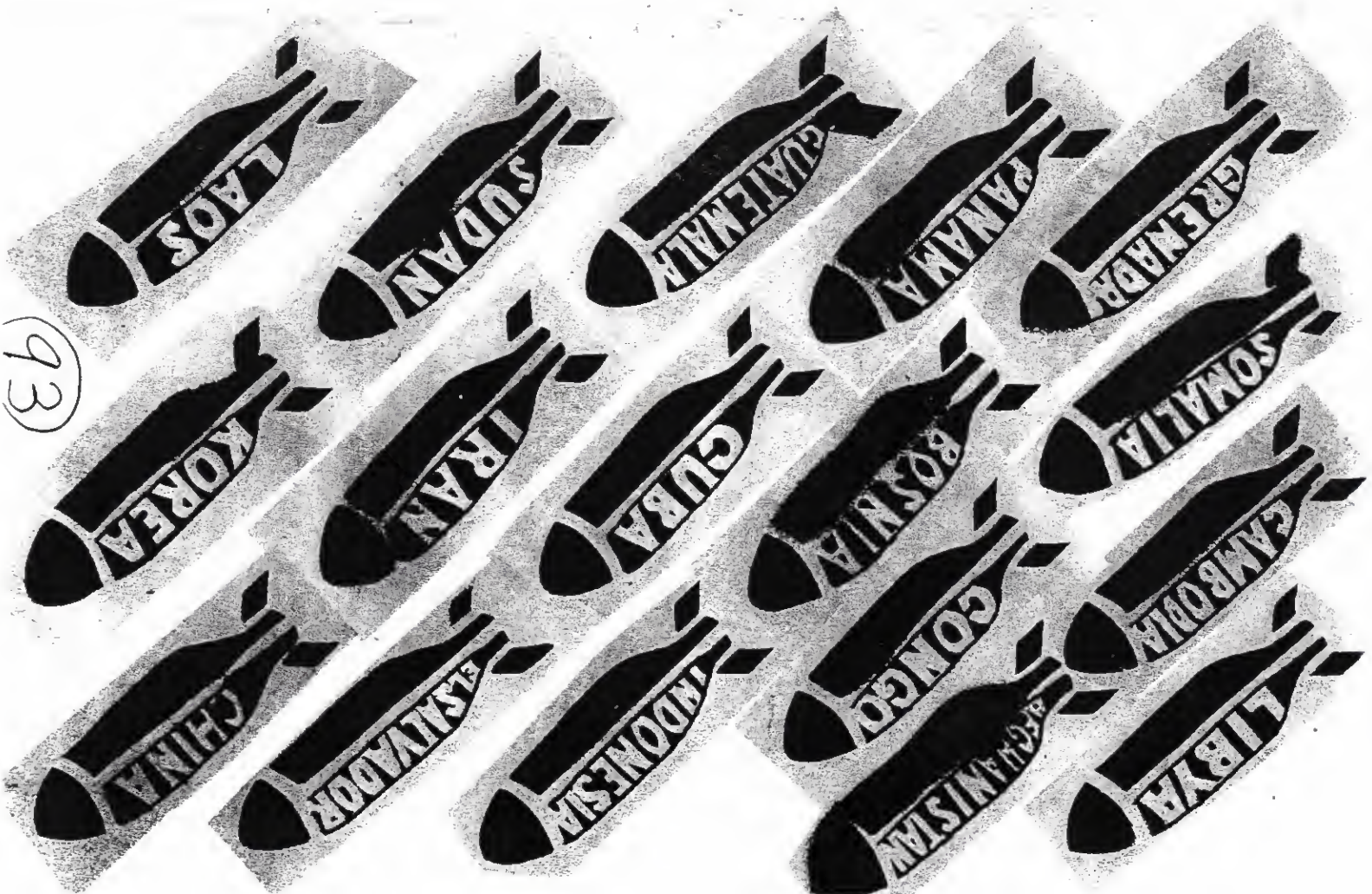
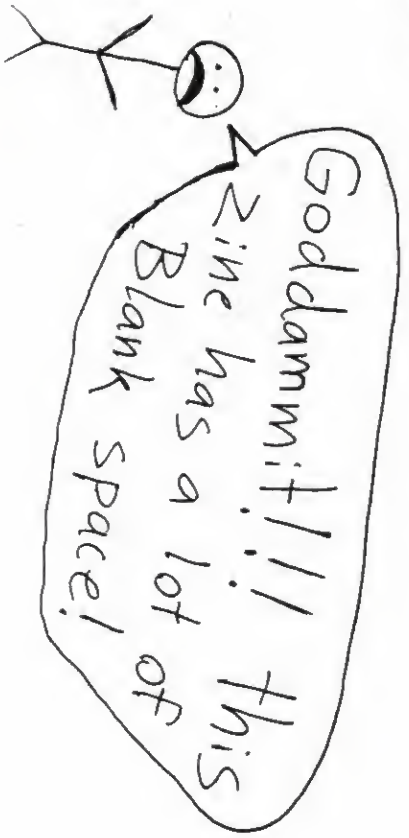
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A Death In The Family

It's been way too fuckin long
since I was a kid.
everyday, splashing in the bath-tub
wearing my sister's swimsuit

It's been way too fuckin long
since I was in love
and swore like a twelve year old
that it would last forever

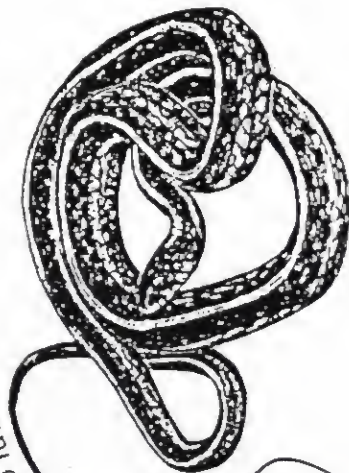
It's been way too fuckin long
since I was creative
paper & pen, guitar & microphone
they were all the same.

and it's been way too fuckin long



since I had something to write about
other than my failed romances
and personal weakness
and hatred
and fear

It's been way too fuckin long.



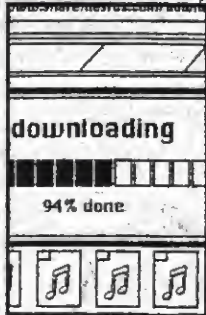
(89)

-SUBCOMANDANTE
RUOPPOLO



(96)

written by **NEIL STRAUSS** Illustrated by **BERNARD CHANG**



LAST WEEK, THE **RECORDING INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA (RIAA)** SUED 261 PEOPLE, INCLUDING A 71-YEAR-OLD GRANDFATHER AND A 12-YEAR-OLD HONOR STUDENT.

THE OFFENSE: A VIOLATION OF COPYRIGHT LAW BY SHARING MUSIC THROUGH ONLINE FILE SWAPPING SERVICES LIKE KAZA.AA WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION. A BILL INTRODUCED BY TWO UNITED STATES SENATORS WOULD RESULT IN INCREASING THE PENALTY FOR SHARING MUSIC ONLINE TO AS MUCH AS FIVE YEARS IN JAIL.



BUT EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT SHARING MUSIC ON THE INTERNET, YOU MAY ALREADY BE INFRINGING COPYRIGHTS.

ACCORDING TO A MORE THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF COPYRIGHT LAW, IF YOU ARE ENGAGING IN ANY OF THE FOLLOWING ACTS, LEGAL ACTION COULD BE BROUGHT AGAINST YOU.



"IN A LOT OF THESE EXAMPLES, COPYRIGHT OWNERS MAY NOT BE ABLE TO WIN THE LAWSUITS, BUT THEY ARE ALL PLAUSIBLE CASES THAT YOU WOULD NEED TO COME UP WITH A DEFENSE FOR."

FRED VON LOHMANN, ESQ.
INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY ATTORNEY



... (SOME WISH THE RECORD INDUSTRY WOULD ACTUALLY CRACK DOWN ON THIS BEHAVIOR INSTEAD.)

IF THIS ALL SEEMS PREPOSTEROUS, LET'S NOT FORGET THAT **ASCAP** DECIDED IT WAS A VIOLATION TO SING COPYRIGHTED SONGS AROUND THE FIRE AT OVERNIGHT AND GIRL SCOUT CAMPS...



"THE APPLICATION OF COPYRIGHT LAW IN THE NEW TECHNOLOGICAL ENVIRONMENT HAS BEEN A CHALLENGE FOR EVERYONE, BUT THE COMPLEXITY OF THE LAW CAN'T MASK RIGHT VERSUS WRONG. TAKING SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU IS WRONG."

AMY WEISS
RIAA SPOKESWOMAN, COMMENTING ON THESE SCENARIOS



*AMERICAN SOCIETY OF COMPOSERS, AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

WARNING: Do not forward this column through email, make photocopies to send to a child in college, tape it to your dorm-room door or put it on a bulletin board in your office... or you may be receiving an unexpected knock on your door.

HA HAHA! Ripped from the New York Times.